Northern Messenger

Wm Bronscombe 2.0206

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Street Scenes in Egypt.

When we talk of a street in England we mean a tolerably wide road with pavements on either side, and houses opening upon it. The carts and carriages go by in the road, which is kept clean and well mended; on the pavements people walk without jostling each other, by simply attending to 'the rule of the road,' and keeping to the right of the passengers they meet. Perhaps a girl calls 'Sweet Violets,' or 'Ripe Oranges,' or a barrel-organ or a German band is playing. Else, except in the busiest parts of our large towns, an English street is a tolerably quiet place.

A CAIRO KNIFE-GRINDER.

But a street in Cairo! There are no pavements; the dogs are the only street cleaners. The houses, with only latticed windows high up, lean toward each other with projecting stories, like the queer old houses that still stand in Chester and Bristol. The street is narrow enough; it is blocked by conjurers, snake-charmers, knife-grinders (like the one in this picture), and people selling fruit, water, sweets, and all sorts of other things. Then processions are always passing to and fro—wedding processions, with the bride, who is generally a child of twelve or thirteen, decked out very gorgeously under a gorgeous canopy; or funeral processions, followed by paid mourners, women uttering the most fearful shrieks and howls as lamentations for the dead; or a great man comes by, with footmen running before him, pushing the people aside and shouting at the top of their voices, 'O old man! O maiden! get out of the way on the right!' or the left, as the case may be. The donkey boys make their spirited beasts clear a way for themselves. These boys know a few words of English, and almost tear a newcomer to pieces in their efforts to prevent each other from being employed by him. Each is quite sure his own beast is best.

'Dis donkey named Gladstone, sir!' they shriek.

'And dis one Billee Button—him go quicker, sir!'

Indeed it is a noisy place.

This old man has found rather a quieter corner, under the grated window of a house. Every now and then a women peeps out to see how he is getting on with the ladies' penknives and scissors. Her face is covered with the yashmak, that is, a piece of thick white stuff tied across her nose and hiding all the lower part of her face, so that only her large dark eyes look out. Without this covering she may not face a man. She is a perfect bundle of white muslin when she rides her donkey through the streets; only her eyes can be seen, and the tips of her painted fingers.

When the knife-grinder has finished his work he will go on through the streets, joining his cry to the thousand other cries in the streets.

Very curious some of these cries are. Mr. Lane tells us that a seller of cotton cloth will call out, instead of merely 'Cloth to sell,' 'The work of the bull, O maiden!' because the loom is set in motion by a bull.

Again, a man with toasted melon-pips calls, 'O consoler of the embarrassed! O pips!' and the seller of roses, 'The rose was a thorn, from the sweat of the Prophet it blossomed.'

The Prophet, of course, is Mahomet, who was said to have produced roses by a miracle.

The hawker of a kind of sweet called halaweh, made of treacle and other things fried together, cries, 'For a nail, O sweetmeat!' for he is not a very honest trader. He tempts the children and servants to steal odds and ends of all sorts, to give him in exchange for his goodies.

But the water-carrier, who walks along

For the Coming Year.

What does it mean to a Sunday School and church to have a paper that can be trusted to put only what is wholesome and good into the hearts of the children, that can be looked to for helpful ideas by the Sunday School teacher and temperance worker, that gives jolly, bright entertainment for the wee ones and encouragement and help in life's struggle to the older brothers and sisters; that is watched for by the dear old folks for its comforting words and lessons; that gives to the mothers stories for the hour when the children beg for them, and new ideas for housekeeping; that upholds for the father a manly standard of life, and in every department strives to meet the wants of the whole family? If you have realized just what all this means, then stand by to see that the advantages you enjoy are made known to others, and whenever it is possible for you to do so, introduce the 'Northern Messenger' into homes and schools. Once there it will hold its own.

SPECIAL DIAMOND JUBILEE CLUB OFFERS.

We want each reader to send us one of the clubs below.

If each reader accomplished this, and we are sure it is possible to almost everyone—then our publications would have the largest circulation of any in the Dominion, and we would make a number of improvements without delay—improvements that each reader would immediately recognize and appreciate.

Four Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' separately addressed, worth $1.60, for only **$1.00,** three of whom must be new subscribers.

One Subscription each to the 'Northern Messenger' and 'Daily Witness,' worth $3.40, for only **$3.10.**

" " " " " " " 'Weekly " " $1.40, " **$1.20.**

" " " " " " " 'World Wide,' " $1.90, " **$1.75.**

SAMPLES FREE—Agents and Club Raisers will get further information and samples on application.

NOTE. — These rates will be subject to our usual postal regulations, as follows:—POSTAGE INCLUDED for Canada (Montreal and suburbs exceptel), Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Barbadoes, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hongkong, Cyprus; also to the United States, Hawaiian Islands and Philippine Islands. POSTAGE EXTRA to all countries not named in the foregoing list, as follows: 'Daily Witness,' $3.50 extra; 'Weekly Witness,' $1 extra; 'Northern Messenger,' 50c extra; 'World Wide,' subschiption price, including postage to foreign countries, only $1.50.

Note - New subscribers will get the remainder of this year free.

Note Subscribers getting up clubs are entitled to charge full subscription rates from new subscribers and to retain the difference between these and the above club rate to cover their expenses.

Note—One's own subscription does not count in this offer because it does not require canvassing.

Note—Those working for other premiums will not benefit by these offers.

Note—To stimulate further effort, and as some will find it easy to get more than three or four subscribers, we will in addition to the foregoing remarkable offers, commencing November 15th, 1905, and until further notice, award each day to the subscriber sending us in the largest amount of subscription money for our various publications on that day,

OUR RED LETTER COLORED PLATE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.

These Bibles would appear to be good value at four dollars each.

If there should happen to be a tie for the largest amount in any given day the premium will be awarded to the one farthest away, because his remittance will have been mailed earlier than the other.

NOTE.— Sunday-School Clubs for the 'Messenger' will not count under this offer because they are not secured individually; because usually no one in particular is properly entitled to the premium; and because they are generally large, and to include them would only discourage those working up small individual lists. Neither will remittances count from news agents, from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications.

Those who prefer, instead of working on the basis of the above Club offers, may take subscriptions for any of our publications at the full rates, and we will allow a commission of twenty-five percent (one quarter) on renewal subscriptions and fifty percent (one half) on new subscriptions. But these terms are only available for those sending Five dollars or more at a time.

NOTE.—New subscribers are people who have not been readers of our publications, or who have not for at least two years lived in homes where they have been taken.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

chinking his little brass cups, has a cry which makes us think of more than one beautiful passage in the Bible. His cry is an echo of the words of Isaiah, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!' as he shouts, 'O ye thirsty water!' and then adds, 'May God recompense me!' as if he felt that the tiny copper coin given for his cupful was really no payment for such precious refreshment—precious as life itself sometimes is in that hot climate. We can hardly fail to think of the better gift offered us 'without money and without price.'

Sometimes the water-carrier cries merely, 'The gift of God!' making the Christian listener feel sorry that this soul for whom Christ died has no knowledge of Him who sat once weary beside a well, and told the woman, of whom He asked water, the wonderful truth that those to whom He gave drink should never thirst again.—'Sunday Reading.'

A student missed learning but one single lesson. At the end of the year the principal problem given to him in the examination fell in the lesson he had missed, and he failed in it. Then a hundred times in after years did he stumble and make mistakes in problems and calculations, because he had lost that particular day's lesson. Thus failure in any duty, any day, may fling its shadow to the close of life.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR GENERAL FUND.

J. J. Lagache, Man., 60c.; Mrs. R. Jany, Ferguson, $1.00; Miss Lizzie Jany, Ferguson, $1.00; Caroline Donald, Carleton Place, $2.00; Thekla Robinson, $1.00; R. S. MacTavish, Vernon, $1.00; Elizabeth Currie, Hull, $2.00; M. J. B., Forest, $1.00; total, $9.60.

Our Daily Jubilee Award.

Probably none of those who secured the awards expected them on such small remittances.

We continue to receive daily, most congratulatory letters concerning the 'Witness' Diamond Jubilee, all of which are heartily appreciated. These letters are being reproduced in our columns.

Our friends all over the Dominion are joining with us in celebrating our sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the 'Witness.' In another place will be found the special Diamond Jubilee club offers, including in addition to reduced rates THE GIFT of one of our Red Letter colored plate illustrated Bibles. One of these handsome books is given each day to the subscriber from whom we receive the largest amount of subscription money (net), for our publications.

(Remittances from news agents or from Sunday School clubs for the "Northern Messenger,' or from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications, do not count in this offer.)

The Bibles awarded free appear good value for four dollars.

The list of successful club raisers for last week, with the amount of subscriptions each sent in is as follows:—

Nov. 27. Monday, W. H. Austin, Freeton, Ont	$2.00
Nov. 28. Tuesday, Mrs. A. H. Brown, Hamilton, Ont	2.00
Nov. 29. Wednesday, E. G. Dyer, Sutton, Que..	8.50
Nov. 30. Thursday, Robt. Darling, Toronto, Ont..	6.00
Dec. 1. Friday, D. E. Copping, Joliette, Que..	5.00
Dec. 2. Saturday, A. L. Harvey, Toronto, Ont..	6.20

Each of the above will receive one of these red letter illustrated Bibles Free.

Who will be the successful subscribers for next week? The smallness of the amounts sent in should encourage others to go and do likewise or a little better.

See our JUBILEE OFFERS

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

Dear Sirs,—The Bible premium came to hand last night, and was quite a surprise I assure you. I had no idea I would get so handsome a present for sending in so small a club. The 'Witness' was taken by both my grandfathers long before I was born, and the habit has descended to the present generation, who are also able to appreciate a good thing. With jubilee congratulations and hoping the next sixty years may see as much done for our country through the agency of the 'Witness' as has the past, I remain, yours truly,

J. E. McINTOSH.

'Elmhurst Farm,' Breadalbane, Ont, Dec. 1, 1905.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Heart of God.

There is no love like the love of Jesus,
Never to fade or fall,
Till into the fold of the peace of God
He has gathered us all.

There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
Filled with a tender lore;
Not a throb or throe our hearts can know
But he suffered before.

There is no voice like the voice of Jesus;
Ah! how sweet its chime,
Like the musical ring of some rushing spring
In the summer time.

Oh, might we listen that voice of Jesus!
Oh, might we never roam,
Till our souls should rest, in peace, on his breast,
In the heavenly home!

—W. E. Littlewood.

All for a Joke.

'Guess!' said Bert, rushing into the house with the air of one who had a very important piece of news.

'Guess what?' asked Tom, excitedly.

'Why, the best thing that could happen.'

'Oh, I know!' Tom cried, his eyes shining. 'Aunt Margie's coming! She said she would soon,' and taking Bert's smile for assent, he hurried upstairs to tell the good news to his sick mother. On the way he met Mary, the servant girl, and he told her. Next he stopped by grandma's door to let her know, and by the time he reached his mother's room he was so out of breath from hurry and excitement that he could only gasp, 'Aunt Margie—she's coming!'

'How do you know, and where is she?' cried Mrs. Williams.

'Why, Bert saw her, and I suppose she's walking up the street this minute.'

How glad everybody was! Aunt Margie's visits were few and far between, for she lived many miles away, and her coming was quite an event in the family. Even Mary shared the general delight.

The minutes passed, and poor Mrs. Williams, lying upstairs on her bed, waited patiently for her sister's appearance. 'Why does she not come to me?' she asked herself again and again. She heard the outside door open and close, but no one came near her, and she was growing exceedingly nervous when steps sounded on the stairs, her own door opened, and she looked up to see no one but Tom.

'Where's Aunt Margie?' she cried.

'I don't know,' Tom said in a disappointed tone; 'she didn't come yet. I watched and watched by the door, and I can't see anything of her.'

'Why didn't you ask Bert where he saw her?'

'I can't find Bert, either. He ran right off and hasn't been back since. I thought he'd gone to meet auntie. I'm afraid that he's just been fooling.'

Some hours afterward the missing Bert appeared. Tom happened to be by the front gate, so was the first to see him.

'Where's Aunt Margie?' he demanded.

'I don't know,' carelessly answered Bert.

'Where did you see her?'

'I didn't see her.'

This time Bert laughed.

'But you said so.'

'I didn't. I said for you to guess something, and you guessed Aunt Margie. I didn't say yes.'

'You didn't say no, either, Bert Williams, and that was the same as saying yes,' Tom returned in an injured tone.

'No, it wasn't,' and Bert laughed heartily as he ran to the house.

In the sitting-room he met his father.

'Bert,' said Mr. Williams, 'I thought you always prided yourself on being truthful.'

The smile faded from Bert's face, and he scarcely knew how to answer.

'You were untruthful this afternoon.'

'I didn't say that Aunt Margie was coming.'

'But you let Tom believe it. Besides, your words implied that something wonderful had happened. Is that your idea of truth?'

'It was only a joke,' Bert said, meekly.

'A joke! and for the sake of a joke you acted deceitfully, you disappointed the whole family, and made Mary stop her work and begin to prepare a lunch that was not needed; you caused your sick mother to so excite herself that her fever has returned—'

Bert started.

'I didn't know that,' he said.—New York 'Observer.'

A Piece of One's Mind.

(Julia F. Deane, in the 'Sunday School Messenger.')

'I feel just like giving her a piece of my mind, that's what I do, and I believe I'll do it, too,' announced Bethea Dexter emphatically, as she came in from school.

'Do you think, dear, you can spare it?' asked her mother gently.

'Spare it! Spare what?' asked Bethea in astonishment.

'A piece of your mind. Do you think you can afford the extravagance, dear?'

'Mother Dexter, what do you mean?' inquired the girl, with sudden interest.

'Just this, daughter. There is a double truth in the common phrase, "giving others a piece of our mind," and oftentimes, perhaps always, the words literally and sadly fulfil themselves. There are some so rich and healthy of mind and soul as to be able to disperse pieces of their mind, in irritation and uncharitableness, without a corresponding loss of that serenity of spirit which enables one to do one's work properly. Better count well the cost, dear, before you do it.'

Who that has lived long but has come to realize the enormous draft upon one's vitality and energy of this same process? Probably no one ever gives a piece of one's mind in the ordinary current meaning attached to the phrase, without actually squandering an undue amount of energy and vitality that was meant to be used for a better purpose. In fact, one who permits himself to become the slave of such a habit, sooner or later, finds himself morally bankrupt.

The boy whose mind is full of thoughts of how neatly he set out his comrade's meanness, isn't the boy who hands in the best thesis. The girl who is planning how she can phrase a cutting bit of rebuke to an offending companion is not, as a rule, the one who stands highest in her class. The man whose soul is filled with a personal grievance is not the man we must depend upon to move the world along. The woman burdened with a sense of having been wronged has little heart left to carry another's burden. The individual whose eyes are focused on the smallness and the weakness of the other fellow has lost the clear, fine vision that makes him really useful in solving the problems of society. Intemperance of speech, or thought, as well as intemperance of appetite, is certain to wreck one's usefulness.

There undoubtedly are supreme moments in life when righteous indignation has its place, when the personal element is eliminated and one can deal with the sin without reference to the offender, but in the experience of the average mortal these occasions are rare. The delivering of pieces of one's mind, as a rule, is only a display of inward irritability and ill-temper, the undue exciting of a supersensitive self-pride or conceit.

Truly the world needs the mind of every young man and woman, needs them sorely, but it needs and wants them only in their entirety and sanity, and has small use for the torn shreds and shattered remnants of prejudice and personal animosity which so often are styled 'pieces of one's mind.'

Abe, the Japanese Soldier Boy

In March, 1904, when the soldiers from the Second (Sendai) Division were being hurried to the front as fast as trains could carry them, I stood on the station platform here at Okayama with a small Japanese flag in my hand. A young soldier, his boyish face full of earnest longing, beckoned me to the car where he was standing and asked for my flag. I hesitated, but he begged so hard I put it in his buttonhole as the train moved off.

A few days later came a long letter from Hiroshima, where he was waiting for the transport, telling his name, his home, his life story, and why he had begged for some memento of the first foreign woman he had ever heard speak.

He told me he was the fifth son of his aged 'samurai' (father), who had lost all his other boys. He had just graduated from the law school in Tokio when the call to war came to the reserve, so he joined the colors in the same regiment where he had been for his two years of compulsory training before he went to Tokio.

Gladly his aged parents and still more aged grandmother had given him up; gladly he had gone for his dear country's sake. But on that long ride down from Tokio he had had time to think; so, though he knew nothing of Christianity, his heart was tender enough to be deeply impressed by a few earnest words of prayer to the loving heavenly Father, spoken by the foreign women to the men gathered around the fire in that rough dining shed.

And so began the letters which the soldier boy, Abe, has been sending to his 'Heaven-sent mother,' as he calls the missionary lady, from Korea, from the Yalu River, from far-away Manchuria, where he has been all these weary weeks and months in General Kuroki's army. Would not the boys across the wide Pacific like to hear something of these letters?

Under date of 10th July he says:—'For forty days I have been on guard in the front line, unable to sleep for noise of cannon and musketry. Last night I returned to camp, and asked, first of all, for letters. Of the two hundred and eight letters and papers for Company Nine, one hundred and six were for me, and I opened first your letters, papers, tracts, and photographs; thanks for them all, dear mother. Our Company Nine has been in six battles, and also out on numberless scouting expeditions, and we have had four killed and forty-five wounded. Thanks to your papers, I

have escaped unhurt. Our greatest trouble has been the running away of the Russians; our greatest admiration the way in which the Cossacks rescue the wounded. Galloping over the field, guiding his horse to his fallen comrade, the big black-capped cavalryman stoops from the saddle and tenderly lifts his friend, swinging him up before him almost without drawing rein. '

On 26th September he wrote:—'To celebrate the recent victory I fastened your little flag to a ten-foot pole and stuck it up in camp. I was called away for something, and when I returned the flag was gone. I raced around and around like a madman; I could not, would not, lose that flag, my treasure for months. I saw it in the hands of a little Chinese boy, snatched it from him, and gave him a slap that sent him home crying at the top of his voice. "What's the matter?' called out one of my friends. "I gave that flag to the little fellow; I did not know you cared for it." Sorry and ashamed, I followed the boy home to a tiny farmhouse, apologizing to his father, gave the little boy a Japanese coin, which pleased the father so much he soon came into camp with a basket of vegetables for me. Then wasn't I sorry I had lost my temper? but I did not forget to put my flag carefully away in my knapsack, where no other boy, big or little, could get my treasure.'

On 8th December.—'From 24th November to 7th December I was on the fighting line, with no rest day or night. Coming back to camp my first request was for mail. Your three large envelopes I opened first. From one came a right-hand glove, from another a left-hand glove, and from the third the ear-caps and the letter. Such things are not for common soldiers, and the tears would come while I read. I never heard of Christmas before, but on that day, with a clean heart and clean hands, I'll put on your gifts, and thank God for my mother's love. My friends have laughed when I said your prayers saved me, dear mother, but now they believe in you and your God, even as I do. I have given up drinking and smoking for your sake, and am trying to be a worthy son of such a mother.'

The copy of Matthew's Gospel which I sent him in the first letter has been his constant companion, and in a letter dated 14th January he says:—'When I am discouraged I take out your little Bible and read the first eleven verses of the fifth Chapter, and I am comforted. I have learned all the places you have marked. This morning everything is white with snow, and the mercury thirty below zero. We fear General Winter more than the Russians, though they are only four hundred meters away.'

In every letter comes a little Japanese poem. One of the earlier ones is as follows:—

'Pillowing my head in the ashes of the camp fire,
I look up at the silvery moon and think of spring.'

Another:—

'Under the peaceful moon
I nightly vigil keep,
Watching with sleepless eyes
The lonely bivouac fires
Round which the Russians sleep.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Night Watch.

'Rap, rap, rap.'

There was a winning, cheery confidence about the knock, but Mr. Quentin frowned. Saturday was always crowded. There were troubles of its own and the ravel edges of the week all whipped in upon them.

The 'Come in,' was curt; but Ike came in and beamed.

He had a ragged hat swinging respectfully at his side, and he bowed a tangled head. Both were out of the common. The rare belonging was his smile. Not that it was artistic, being much too big for the size of his face, but there was a glow of soul behind. Under this Mr. Quentin's frown hesitated.

'You're Mr. Quentin, the manager?' inquired Ike.

'Yes.'

'Well, I heared 'bout the stealin'.'

'What have you heard of the stealing?'

'Oh, nothin' new; but say'—this in pleasant comradeship—'how 'bout us havin' a night watch?'

'We might,' assented Mr. Quentin.

'Save the lead, an' ketch the feller that's after it,' said Ike.

'Yes-s.' The admission was tentative. Mr. Quentin was a very considerate man.

But there was no hesitation about Ike. He took an eager step forward and offered himself with a little wave of the hands and a new curling up of the mouth corners that stirred irresistible reflection in the face of the manager.

'I'd have been in before,' continued the candidate, 'but jes' now heared 'bout the place needin' me.' The need was evidently a joyous possession and had no shadow of doubt upon it.

Mr. Quentin leaned back in his chair and considered how best to deal with such a case.

'Well, you see,' he hinted, 'usually a night watch is a man, a grown man.'

Ike nodded his red head.

'We'll be gettin' out of the ruts,' he suggested beamingly, and joined in when Mr. Quentin began to laugh.

'What is your name?' came next.

'Ike Malone. Jes' come to the mines last week.'

'And your present business?'

'Well, you see, it ain't jes' a man's business, my present ain't.' Ike made the admission with a solemn courage in his eyes. 'But mother had to be helped so'—his voice lowered confidently—'so—at present it's washin'. I wash an' mother irons. You wouldn't let that make agin' me, sir?'

'Not at all, not at all.'

'The washin' o' days is why I want the night watch.'

'I see. The objection is your inches.'

'Inches?'

'You're young, you see.'

'Sure I'm gettin' the better of that every day, sir,' said Ike the undaunted. 'An' I'm lucky, sir.'

'Lucky, eh?' There was a touch of kindly sarcasm in the tone and in the manager's glance as it went over him from the tangled fiery head down past the ragged shirt and trousers to the shoes. They might in some far past have had a right to their name, those shoes; but it was a strain on courtesy now.

'Sures as a rabbit's foot,' said Ike about the luck.

'Didn't I get big enough to help 'fore father died? Ain't I strong as a mule? Didn't I think of this watch business my own self? Ain't I got a gun an' a—say, Mr. Quentin, I clean forgot—Grit's waitin' outside, an' he might, if he was put upon, he might give a bite, sir.'

'We'll have him in,' assented Mr. Quentin.

So Grit came in and drew up beside his master.

'He's rather yeller,' admitted the master reluctantly, 'but he's got a jaw.'

'I should judge so by his eye,' Mr. Quentin remarked dryly. 'He is part, I suppose, of the watch?'

'Grit an' Company,' said Ike.

'Well,' said Mr. Quentin, 'you may stay in the furnace to-night if you like.'

And Ike repeated his wide undaunted smile. Usually the furnace had been left to itself of nights, considered safe enough with a big lock and barred windows; but in the last week a dozen pigs of lead had disappeared. Now this was a small matter in money, but the idea of a thief about was exceedingly uncomfortable. The company looked solemn and requested their manager to 'investigate.' He felt that way himself, but there was not a ghost of a clew to begin at. The slag about the old building showed no tracks, locks and bars were secure, and among all the miners there was not one from whom suspicion would not roll away like water from a duck's back. The absurdity of the theft was another point of mystery. Aside from the awkwardness of handling a dozen pigs of lead there was the difficulty of selling them.

'Who could sell them,' mused Mr. Quentin, 'without immediate suspicion?' He was still upon the question when the men began to file in for their week's pay.

Rough, steady fellows they were. He took a keen glance at each and thought of the water and the duck's back.

He was locking the safe when one came in alone, late.

'Ah, Mitchel, what detained you?'

Mitchel held out a bandaged arm.

'It's not so much of a bite, sir,' he explained, shamefacedly, 'but me sister-in-law was that worried I had to let her fuss over it a bit, sir. I'd gone by with a plate of cake me wife was sendin' her, an' in came her boy with his dorg.'

'A yellow dog?' inquired Mr. Quentin.

'A yeller dorg, sir,' said Mitchel, 'an' he'd be a dead dorg by rights.'

'The boy, I suppose,' and Mr. Quentin smiled, 'got in the way of his being a dead dog?'

'He did that,' laughed Mitchel. 'Sure he's a broth of a boy.'

Mr. Quentin felt his heart warm and ashamed within him. Here he had been thinking how this man who could muster a generous laugh over a dog bite was one of the carters that took the lead to the station and might easier than another dispose of an extra dozen pigs. Moreover he had seen him turn an eager eye toward the safe door, and set it in his mind against him!

He hurried to give him his pay and a cordial good-night.

'Take care of yourself,' he said.

'It's take care of the dorg, I'm thinkin', sir,' laughed Mitchel.

This reminder of his watch decided him to go by the furnace on his way home.

Meantime Grit and Company had gone jubilantly to their post; but at the door there came a pause. Grit wagged his tail and looked questions.

'I forgot to ask for the key,' explained Ike, 'an' it'll look mighty young, Grit, to go this time o' night an' say "I forgot the key."'

Grit expressed earnest sympathy.

'There's no way but to watch outside,' said

Ike, and Grit having no better suggestion to make, they hid together out of the starlight in a near clump of witch-hazel.

The night was very still and clear and a bit chilly. Grit took a chum's liberty and cuddled close; but presently he was alert, his ears pricked.

'Easy now,' coaxed Ike, with a hand on his neck.

A step came along the slag walk. There came a rattle of a key in its lock.

'Me fortune's made,' whispered Ike in breathless excitement, 'if ye'll be still,' and he clung beseechingly; but Grit gave a yelp and broke in pursuit.

The door opened upon a furnace of very primitive type. A great firestone basin stood against the wall that shut off the bellows room, and underneath, still glowing, were the embers of the day's fire. Their light glinted on the nozzle of the bellows as it poked through the wall and showed the smelter's ladle hanging to one side. On the floor was the pile of lead ready for Monday, all the flint and clay broken away and the tiny blocks pure and shining softly in the dim light. Beyond were the weeks of pigs of metal.

At the sound of that yelp, Mitchel, for he it was, dashed inside, and Grit followed. By the dim firelight the tussle before it was all legs and breathings of great threatening, but for some moments nothing definite. Then by happy accident a chunk of cake fell from the defendant's pocket into Grit's jaws; his tail wagged truce.

Mitchel eyed the repast ruefully and then looked to Ike who had done what he could and now stood getting his breath alongside.

'Would ye be still keepin' the creature, Ike? I'm thinkin' ye forget it's the husband of ye're mother's sister I am.'

'What are you doing here?' demanded Ike.

'Och thin, am I to consult the beast before I take a walk of an evening?'

'We're the watch.'

'Preserve us,' said Mitchel.

'An' Uncle Mitchel,' white as the flint pile outside, 'ye'll have to go to Mr. Quentin.

Mitchel stared for one instant, then sat sat himself down and roared.

'Ye're a broth of a boy,' said he.

'There's no other way,' Ike told him, and put a hand on his arm; 'I'm the watch.'

'An' I'm Pat Mitchel,' with a bit of a frown. 'Run round now and start the bellows while I get up the fire. We'll talk after.'

But Ike stood white and still.

'Then listen, ye little mule watch. The dozen pigs is under the drush yonder in the corner, see? They're to be melted over because they're done wrong, see? An' daylight'll be on us if we stay talkin'. Now will ye run to the bellows?'

'Why doesn't Mr. Quentin know?' was all Ike's answer.

'Go and tell him,' said Mitchel, who kept his eye on the dog while he built up the fire. 'Go and tell.' Then suddenly he turned to the boy. The new blaze was bright on their faces. 'An' will ye be pleased to name what ye're thinkin' of me, Mr. Watch?' said he; and it was very graciously done.

Ike gave a sob and flung his arms about him.

When he came back from starting the bellows four pigs of lead were beginning to soften in the basin, and Grit had made his apology and lay blinking at the fire.

'There's more of that cake,' said Mitchel, 'on the pantry shelf an' the door's unlocked.

'I'll see how fast I can get it,' said Ike.

The regard of each for the other had taken new fuel like the fire.

From the door Ike turned back.

'Ought the watch'—

'To be sure,' broke in Mitchel smiling, 'I'll go meself and you'll do the smeltin'. See, ladle off the scum when it comes up, and keep the fire,' and off he ran, like a boy, for his cake.

Thus it happened that Ike was busy smelting when the astonished Mr. Quentin walked in. The clack of the bellows had hidden his approach even from Grit, who was fortunately asleep.

'Good-evening,' said Mr. Quentin.

The watch took a step forward and bowed to him. 'I was goin' to tell you in the mornin', sir,' he said.

'To tell me what?'

'That nobody's a thief, sir!' The glow of his eyes made it jubilant news. Again Mr. Quentin felt his heart warm and ashamed.

'It's ashamed I am of givin' such trouble and suspicion, sir,' said Mitchel's voice coming in the door. 'Will ye take a bit of cake, sir, while ye hear about it?'

'Yes, certainly.'

'Thank you,' said Mr. Quentin, and munched with them amiably while the story of the pigs was unfolded to the bellows' clacking and the sparks of the fire.

'Well, sir, the first pigs came out with ragged taps on account of the moulds bein' too full. Then, thinks I, you'll be my work an' you'll be done overtime.'

'But why make a secret of it?'

'Sure, I'd bragged of my smeltin', sir. All the men would make a laugh on me.'

'So you hid the ragged pigs?'

'I did, sir. An' it'll be a fine joke on the thief talkers when the whole number's found to-morrow—beggin' your own pardon, sir.'

'An' ye'll not be wantin' a watch, sir,' said Ike.

'I'll be wanting Grit and Company,' said Mr. Quentin.

So the dimming of Ike's smile went by.—'Forward.'

'Keep Your Lantern by You.'

The words were spoken somewhat sharply by the conductor of an evening train: 'Keep your lantern by you. If anything should happen, you may be at one end of the car and your lantern at the other.' The brakeman was a new hand, who had just come on duty. The conductor met him at the rear end of the last car, and the above words were spoken. We glanced forward as the brakeman passed toward the front end; there, to our suprise, we saw his lantern hung up in a corner. While he was taking it down and suspending it from his arm, instead of from the hook in the corner, we began to think. We thought of others besides inexperienced brakemen who sometimes put their lamps where they would be of little use in an emergency.

There are people who make a profession of religion who seem like shining lights in the church, but who do not take their religion with them in their daily life. They leave the lantern hung up somewhere where it can do them little good in a special hour. There are young people who go to places where they cannot take their religion with them. And then, how shall they be prepared to help others who are in danger? How shall they give them light to guide them or help them out of trouble, if their light is away in some other place when the emergency arises?

'Ye are the light of the world,' said Jesus to his disciples; but they who are to give light to the world must bear their light about with them. 'Let your light so shine before men,' again said the Saviour, 'that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven.'

Do not forget that if we neglect to let our lights shine brightly they are in danger of being put out entirely, and other light-bearers put into our places.—'Northern Advocate.'

Her Mother's Negative.

(By Marcella Hayden Crewson.)

In front of a large window in the fifth story of a business block sat three girls before three easels. They were still girls, though contact with the world had rubbed off some of the freshness of youth.

On each easel was fastened a negative which these photographic artists were retouching, enlivening their work by divers comments upon the faces before them, the originals of which were unknown to the workers.

'Oh, Daisy, do look at this face. Just see the wrinkles, and Mr. Board said most of them must come out,' called the girl with the auburn hair.

Daisy Barradell leaned over and looked at her neighbor's negative.

'A vain old woman, I should call her,' was her comment.

The door opened, and Mr. Board, the photographer, entered. Nina Carr at once appealed to him.

'There's a lot of work to do on this face. It won't look like her if you take out all those wrinkles.'

'Nevertheless, it must be done. The old lady has a daughter who has been away from home for several years and the picture is for her. The daughter is to be kept in ignorance of her mother's wrinkles and I promised to humor the old lady's whim.'

'Does she live here?' queried the girl at the third easel, looking at the negative with an air of interest. Until now her attention had been wholly concentrated upon her own work.

'No,' answered Mr. Board; 'she lives in Keithsburg, thirty-five miles west. She said she couldn't get anyone there to take a picture to suit her.'

But why does she want to look so different from what she really is?' asked Nina.

'Well, I suspect her daughter has been the cause of some of those wrinkles, and she wishes to keep the knowledge of that from her,' was the photographer's response as he closed the door.

The girl at the third easel took her negative from its position and brought it to Nina, saying in a voice that trembled a little in spite of herself, 'Will you change with me, Miss Carr? I'd rather do yours if you'll finish mine.'

Nina Carr looked at the likeness of a dimpled baby which Elsie Coen held in her hands, and quickly made the exchange.

Elsie fastened the negative on her easel, and sat motionless while she studied the face before her. Presently she took up her pencil, and some of the wrinkles began gradually to disappear.

Elsie Coen was a recent addition to their force of workers. She was rather slight, with light hair and blue eyes, and a face that always seemed ready to break into smiles at the slightest provocation. She was an acknowledged expert in her line, and had lately arrived there from Chicago.

'My! she looks any amount better, doesn't she, girls? She doesn't look so very old, now.'

remarked Daisy Barradell, coming up behind Elsie's chair.

'I should say she didn't,' said Nina, craning her neck to get a good view of the picture without leaving her seat. 'Isn't that a face. If my mother had lived, I should want her to look just like that.'

Elsie buried her face in her hands and commenced to sob. Daisy knelt beside her and tried to quiet her. Neither she nor Nina felt very much acquainted with Elsie Coen, but they had the kindest of feelings for their fellow worker.

'Miss Coen—Elsie, tell us what is the trouble,' they both pleaded, but her sobs only increased.

Suddenly she stood up, and, brushing away the tears, said, 'That is my mother as she looked when I saw her last. Several times since I left home, six years ago, she has written me asking if I wouldn't come home, and every time I refused to go.'

'Oh, you poor dear!' exclaimed sympathetic Nina.

'My poor mother, you should say,' answered Elsie. 'Girls, I'm going home to-night. I can't wait another day.'

When Elsie Coen asked Mr. Board to release her from her engagement, he was very much astonished and refused to grant her request without sufficient reason. Whereupon Elsie, with the blush of shame upon her cheek and a little tremor in her voice, said, 'That old lady who wanted the wrinkles taken out for her daughter's sake is my mother.'

'And you are the daughter?' asked the astonished man.

'Yes, sir; I never realized how much my mother needed me until I saw that negative, and I feel as if I must go home.'

'To smooth out mother's wrinkles,' suggested Mr. Board, with a kindly smile.

'I hope so.'

'Then I will be glad to release you, and may God bless you.'

To Elsie the intervening hours before train time seemed interminable. She soon packed her trunk and sent it to the depot three hours before it was to leave the city.

While she sat in the waiting-room, she thought of her mother as she remembered her, of her letters that had been answered so tardily, and of several urgent requests for her to return home if only for a short visit. But she had always spent her vacations at some pleasant resort with merry companions, and her mother's desires were unheeded.

As she sat there, her conscience was continually giving her little sharp pricks of remorse, and she was not sorry when the whistle of the train interrupted her self-condemning reflections.

She entered the car, and, with her bundles, occupied an entire seat. Having actually taken her place in the homebound train, she allowed herself a little glow of anticipated joy. Just to think, she would soon be home again! How surprised and rejoiced her dear mother would be!

The car was rapidly filling up, but Elsie did not feel in the mood for a seat mate. However, when an old lady went through the aisle, vainly searching for a seat, Elsie eagerly motioned to her.

'Thank you, dear,' said the grateful recipient of Elsie's generosity.

The old lady proved to be very chatty.

'Are you going far?' she asked.

'To Keithsburg. I'm going home to my mother.'

'Well, now, ain't that nice? I just know she'll be real glad to see you. I'm going home to my mother, too.'

'Does she live in Keithsburg?' inquired Elsie.

'No. She's been in Heaven for fifteen years.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Elsie, with a thoughtful look.

'Yes,' continued the old lady, 'it's a straight and narrow way, but I thrust I shall never stray away from the right path. I hope you are travelling the same road,' with a solicitous glance.

'I don't know,' said Elsie, hesitatingly; 'I'm going home to mother after being away six years. Somehow, that seems more important than anything else, just now.'

The stations were called out one by one by the vociferous brakeman, but Elsie took little interest in the almost forgotten names until near the end of the journey. Then with feverish eagerness she gathered her bundles together and sat erect on the edge of her seat.

'The next station's Keithsburg,' she said, while the tears welled up in her blue eyes as every moment brought her nearer home.

'Good-bye, my dear. You are travelling in the right direction when you are going home to mother,' were the old lady's parting words as Elsie left the car.

Depositing her bundles on a seat in the little waiting-room, she walked up the road towards home with as little conscious effort as if she wore winged sandals.

Outside the familiar little white house two small boys were playing. They looked at her as they would a stranger, and she failed to recognize them.

Surely she had not mistaken her father's house. No, this was the right place, for out of a side door came a freckle-faced boy of fifteen bearing a pan of dirty water. In spite of his added inches she knew him.

'Oh, David, where's mother?' cried Elsie, approaching the astonished boy, who almost dropped his pan of water.

'Well, I think it time you were coming home. I've had enough of dish-washing,' was his doubtful welcome.

'Who are those little boys in front of the house,' she asked.

'Cliff and Harvey. What's the matter with you, Elsie?'

Elsie hung her head. They were her own brothers, and she had not known them.

'But where's mother?' she inquired once more.

'Upstairs, sick abed. Say, Elsie, have you come home to spy on us or to help us out?'

'I'm going to stay home and help mother,' answered Elsie, entering the house.

'Hurrah for sister Elsie!' came from a pair of lusty lungs, as David emptied his pan and followed her into the house.

Another brother faced her at the stair door and impeded her progress.

'This is fine, Elsie. Mother has just been fretting and wishing to hear from you. This will do her more good than medicine,' said Ray Coen, a sturdy six-footer.

'What's the matter with mother, Ray?' asked Elsie, anxiously.

'Overwork and worry, the doctor said. It does seem good to see you again,' and the honest, kindly face of brother Ray glowed with delight.

Elsie's eyes overflowed as she flew upstairs to mother. How glad they were to see her and how little she deserved her welcome.

Her heart was too full to utter a word as she knelt beside her mother and hid her face in the bedclothes.

As for her mother, she understood—mothers always do—and her own joyful surprise found vent in repeating over and over again, 'Oh, Elsie, Elsie! Mother's only daughter! Mother's dear, good girl.'

And Elsie felt that no sacrifice would be too great to atone for those years of selfish neglect.

When the doctor came next day he told Elsie her mother would have no further need of medicine, and as Elsie looked at her dear, loving face, beaming with joy, she knew he had told the truth.—'Christian Standard.'

The Crowns of England, and King Alfred.

(Somerville Gibney, in the 'Boy's Own Paper.')

With many boys the chief attribute of a king is, I suppose, his crown. In their minds, it takes a more prominent place then either his throne, his sceptre, the orb, or his robes, in fact it is the crown that makes the king. And this being so, it may interest some 'B.O.P.' readers at the present time, when, after so many years, we once more have a King to reign over us, to glance at the crowns of England.

It is a mistake to talk of the crown of England as though there were only one, and that one handed down from sovereign to sovereign, as the sceptre and orb are, for each monarch has his own crown or crowns much in the same way as he has his own hat, and when we come to think of it this must be so, for the heads of our sovereigns cannot all have been exactly the same size and shape, so that the crown of one might slip over the ears of his successor and bonnet him (a most undignified position for a king), or it might be many sizes too small, and only rest on the top of his head like the apple on the head of William Tell's son, which would afford an equally ludicrous spectacle. And it is partly for this reason, and partly because there is a fashion in crowns as in most other things, that the crowns of England, from the earliest times, show such a diversity of appearance.

But their design is a subject upon which we have more pictorial illustration than almost any other, from the coins of the particular reign, the Great Seals, the tapestries, illuminations, pictures, tombs and monuments, so that we have no difficulty in saying what the crown of any monarch was like. Under these circumstances it seems hardly worth while going through what is open to any casual inquirer, but a few particulars and incidents respecting some of them may not be out of place.

The first of the English crowns of which we have any very definite or interesting record is that of Alfred the Great, and Alfred was the first of our kings, who, as far as we can judge, was crowned, for in all previous instances we only hear of 'election and consecration,' but never of 'coronation,' as in his case, and afterwards. In the inventory of the regalia, which was removed from Westminster Abbey to the Tower when Henry VIII. laid a heavy hand on the religious houses, it is described as of 'gould wyerworke sett with stones and two little bells.' The little bells sound curious, but that is no reason why they were not used in the decoration, and, to my mind, there is further evidence to be found in the costume of the Court Jester. This official was part and parcel of the court, and used to parody and burlesque the monarch for the amusement of him and those about him; his staff with the bladder attached was a mockery of the sceptre, and in many instances we find his long-eared headdress terminating in little bells. Might not these have been suggested by those on the crown of King Al-

fred—the crown of England for many centuries?

This crown, or Edward the Confessor's crown, by which name it came to be known through that monarch having come into possession of it by descent, depositing it with the Abbot and monks of Westminster for safe-keeping, was the one with which most of the kings of England were crowned down to the time of the Restoration, when it was no longer available, seeing that during the Protectorship, on August 9, 1649, the regalia was ordered to be handed over 'to the Trustees for the sale of the goods of the late king, who are to cause the same to be totally broken, and that they melt down all the gold and silver, and sell the jewels to the best advantage of the Commonwealth, and to take the like care of them that are in the Tower'; and in an inventory made at the time King Alfred's crown is stated to weigh 79½ oz., and with gold at £3 an ounce to be worth £248 10s. So that, among many other vandalisms, we have to thank Cromwell for destroying the first crown of England.

But while King Alfred's crown was in existence, the Kings of England had other crowns, workaday crowns, for they wore them far more often than is the custom in later times, and 79½ oz. would have been a crushing weight to carry about on one's head during the long pageants and ceremonials of the period. Edward I. is reported to have made a joke about his crown, when he refused to follow the custom of wearing it on solemn feast-days, saying 'that crowns do rather onerate than honor princes.' I wonder if his jester put him up to the joke!

Concerning the workaday crowns there are a few incidents worthy of note. Edward III. pledged his crown to the merchants of Flanders to defray his expenses in the French wars; he was in the habit of thus 'raising the wind,' and on one occasion the Bishop of Treves is stated to have lent him 25,000 florins on it. Henry V., too, pledged a crown of Richard II. with the Abbot of Westminster. The famous 'Harry' crown also 'went up the spout,' but in bits, it being broken up and the jewels pledged to different parties.

In the reign of Henry VI. the crown grew far more like what we now regard as the crown of England, the circuit being arched over by golden bands set with jewels, and somewhat depressed at their point of intersection. Richard III.'s crown on his death on Bosworth Field (as all boys should know) was found by Sir Reginald Bray in a hawthorn-bush, and being taken by him to Lord Stanley he placed it on the head of his son-in-law, proclaiming him Henry VII. It was this incident which gave rise to the proverb, 'Cleave to the crown though it hang on a bush.' At George III.'s coronation, when he was walking with the crown on his head, the great diamond in the upper portion broke from its setting and fell, and the finding of it again caused considerable trouble.

The Restoration forms an epoch in the regalia of England, for, as I have already stated, Cromwell made away with our first English crown, and with it all the rest of the regalia, so that when Charles II. came to 'enjoy his own again' he had to get an entirely new rig-out, and from all accounts he did himself well, considering his bill for the same came to £31,978 9s. 11d. The master of the jewel-house had orders to provide 'inter alia' two crowns set with precious stones, one to be called St. Edward's Crown, with which the king was to be crowned (evidently after Edward the Confessor's crown), and the other to be put on before the king returned to Westminster Hall for the banquet; one jewel alone in one of the crowns was valued at £10,000. These crowns underwent considerable alteration or actual construction at the coronation of our subsequent rulers. George IV.'s crown was made by Rundell & Bridge in 1821, and was valued at £150,000, while the expenses on it amounted to £60,000 more. Queen Victoria's crown was made by the same jewellers, and weighed 39 oz. It contains, among the other jewels, the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward Prince of Wales, son of Edward III., by Don Pedro, King of Castille, and also a sapphire reported to have come out of the ring of Edward the Confessor, the possession of which was thought to give the power of blessing cramp rings, or rings which warded off the cramp from those who wore them. The religious ceremony of blessing these rings on Good Friday was an important one in the olden time, and had a ritual of its own. It was practised by monarchs down to Edward VI., and the ceremonial ended with the prayer 'that the ring might restore contracted nerves.' The jewels in the Imperial crown are as follows: 1 large ruby, 1 large sapphire, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 rubies, 1,363 brilliants, 1,273 rose diamonds, 147 sable diamonds, 4 drop pearls, 273 pearls.

The crown of England, in contradistinction to the Imperial crown, is for minor State occasions, and has few jewels. The velvet cap turned up with ermine, which is seen in both these crowns, was first introduced by Henry VIII.

What I Have Known.

(Ship Steward, in the 'Irish Temperance League Journal.')

The old adage, 'What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh,' is alas! most sadly true in connection with the terrible curse of strong drink; and the danger of once making acquaintance with it cannot be too strongly indicated.

It would have been hard to have found a happier family than that of John Westwood, which consisted of himself, his wife, five sons, Jack, George, William, Fred, Harry, and a little baby girl, May. They were in prosperous circumstances, and had everything to make life happy and enjoyable, till the demon entered their home. It was a very sad and unfortunate day, when John Westwood first introduced it to his family, and insisted on their all partaking of it. The habit, once acquired, soon grew, and proved their downfall. One night, after a carousal, John Westwood, with some boon companions, were driving home in a high dog-cart. They all crowded to the front of the cart, and in their drunken condition, did not notice that all the weight was pressing on the shafts. And when on the journey home the horse cast a shoe, that also was unnoticed. In their drunken passion they flogged the poor horse, so that as he raced down a steep hill he fell and threw all the occupants out of the cart; with the result that John Westwood's neck was broken, and all the others were seriously injured.

Mrs. Westwood was frantic with grief, but made the fatal mistake of trying to drown her sorrow in the drink, with the result that one day, after an extra heavy drinking bout, she threw herself face downwards on her baby's bed, and both were suffocated. Even this terrible example was not enough to check the craving for strong drink which the sons had acquired.

Jack Westwood had obtained the post of engine-driver on one of the American lines; and a smarter man could not be found; but drink was his ruin. One day on presenting himself for duty, he was suspended, as the manager did not consider him in a fit condition to do his duty. Another driver was substituted and the train started. On a siding, connected with the line on which the train was travelling, stood a heavy goods engine (with full steam up), and before Jack Westwood could be prevented, in a frenzy he had sprung on the stationary engine, and went in pursuit of the train. Mile after mile flew by, both engines travelling at their highest speed; but the goods engines, not having such a high rate of speed as the passenger engine, was fortunately unable to overtake the train. But they were rapidly approaching the terminus, at which the engines must stop, and in one of his lurchings Jack Westwood fell off his engine; but it still relentlessly pursued the train.

Just previous to reaching the terminus there was a long and steep hill, and the guard of the train (who was an extra smart fellow), realized that the runaway must be stopped before it reached the summit of the hill, otherwise the steep descent on the further side of the hill would increase the runaway's speed, and mean the destruction of the train. Fortunately in the guard's van were several drums of oil, and the guard, with the help of a mate (who happened to be travelling with him), opened a couple of drums and allowed a continuous stream of oil to flow over the rails, making them so very slippery that the wheels of the runaway refused to bite, and before the top of the hill was reached she had come to a stop, with her wheels rapidly revolving, but unable to make any progress; then she was soon boarded and put under due control.

George Westwood became an engineer on a large liner, and might have risen high in his profession had the curse of drink not proved his undoing. The coal trimmers on the vessel had to wheel the coal from the bunkers to where it was required, and this was through an iron water-tight door, which slid along on an iron frame. To save trouble in getting the coal trollies over the raised ledge of this iron frame, one of the men placed a sort of bridge to run the trollies over. All might have gone well had not the vessel come into collision with an iceberg, which shattered the fore part of the ship, and the water poured in rapidly.

George Westwood, who was below at the time, tried to close the water-tight door, but in his drink-befuddled state, he didn't notice the sheet of iron which formed the bridge for the coal trollies, and so he slid the door along with all his strength, so that the door became firmly wedged on the sheet of iron, thus preventing its being closed; and it was so firmly wedged that it could not be shifted back again to clear it, with the terrible result that the ship rapidly filled and sank, taking down with her the majority of her crew and passengers.

Fred Westwood became a viewer in a coal mine, but was soon reduced to the bottom grade for drunkenness. Soon after a strike occurred amongst the miners, and for many months the men defied the masters, and refused to work, till at length, the strikers' funds being exhausted and the men and their wives and families reduced to starvation, they were obliged to accept the master's terms. The night previous to the day on which the strikers were to resume work, Fred Westwood, who was in a half-drunken

condition, thought in his folly that he would be doing a grand thing, to have revenge on the mine owners by wrecking the pumping engine which kept the mine clear of water. He did not realize, how such a thing would react on himself and his comrades, but, watching his opportunity, he exploded a dyna-mite cartridge (used by miners) beneath the pumping engine, with the result that he killed himself and the engine driver (who had continued to drive the pumping engine all through the strike), and completely wrecked all the machinery, so that the mine became flooded; and while new engines were being obtained the water gained in the mine to such an extent that it was long before the mine was clear and the starving miners and their families, who before this dastardly outrage were on their last resources, suffered terribly through a drunkard's folly and revenge.

Harry Westwood was a gunsmith, and things were bright and promising with him, till he made the acquaintance of the demon. Harry Westwood had invented an improved machine gun, of which he was very proud, and on the occasion of a grand pageant the route of which passed his premises, some friends of his were going to call and view the spectacle from his upper windows, and also inspect his new machine gun. All might have gone well had not his brother, William Westwood, called on him with a case of vile whickey, for the intending visitors' use, and to drink success (?) to the new invention. Harry Westwood, who had previously been a total abstainer, foolishly allowed his brother to persuade him to have just one glass for luck (?) and that was followed by another, and again and again repeated, and all night after his brother had gone Harry Westwood continued to drink, till by the next day he was raving mad drunk; and when on looking out of the window he saw all the people in the street (who were waiting to see the grand pageant pass), he thought in his delirium that they had come to do him harm and steal his new machine gun; so, fitting the cartridge belt on to the machine gun, he opened fire on the vast crowd in the street below, mowing the hapless spectators down by scores, and he did not desist until all the ammunition was exhausted. He then began throwing everything he could lay his hands on out of the window, till in his frenzy he overbalanced himself, and falling to the ground, was instantly killed.

William Westwood became a trader and might have amassed a considerable fortune, but, not apparently satisfied with seeing the fatal and terrible result of the use of strong drink in his own family, he must introduce it to the Esquimaux (with whom he traded), and thus exterminated a whole trible, as well as himself. Their remains were discovered by a party of the North-West Mounted Police, who were going up to do duty in the Klondyke regions in 1895, and from whose report the following is taken—'We landed on a small group of islands called the Pennucks, and had no sooner landed than we saw a large number of huts, approached by curious drain-like passages, which had for the most part fallen in. These passages were zig-zag in shape and extended for some distance beyond the entrance. The huts were built like mounds, two-storeyed, and below the level of the ground, thus showing that they had once been inhabited by Esquimaux.

'Not a living soul was to be seen. We approached the huts with considerable curiosity, and made our way into many of them. To do this we were mostly obliged to knock off the roof, as we had not time to clear out the debris from the passages. Every one bore manifest traces of having been inhabited. There were even lamps, partly filled with blubber, but in every one which we entered there were one or two skeletons of human beings lying on the ground, some of them in hideously distorted attitudes, showing that death had been accompanied with great agony. It was a veritable city of the dead. The huts also contained large quantities of what we should call "objets d'art," all made of ivory, whalebone, or wood-drift, or wreckage. There were also raw hides, buckets of walrus hide, and ivory fish-hooks, some of them bearing frozen bait. The ivory, taken from the walrus tusks, was for the most part petrified and by no means perfect. We returned to the ship with a whole boat-load of knick-knacks, and the skull of the only white man that we found amongst the skeletons; all the rest were undoubtedly Esquimaux.

'One hut especially attracted attention; in it there were two perfect skeletons of dogs, with the jaws locked tightly together. They had evidently died in the midst of one long protracted struggle to devour each other. The skeletons were complete; but fell to pieces when we tried to bring them away.

'On making enquiries at St. Lawrence we got a clue to the tragedy. About three years previously we learned these islands had been inhabited by Esquimaux, who depended entirely on hunting the whale and walrus during the summer time. In the winter they ate the flesh, and fashioned those curious implements out of the skeletons and ivory, lighting their underground huts with the blubber. American boats called in the spring and traded with them for their stock as were sufficiently perfect to find a market, and left them to replenish it during the summer and winter. One spring a schooner had arrived with a cargo of whiskey, which it exchanged for the ivory. There history ends; imagination must supply the rest.'

Evidently these poor wretches had spent the summer in one long, protracted 'drunk,' the result of the spring's trading. Autumn overtook them before the whiskey was finished. When they at last regained their senses, they found the hunting season passed, the sea frozen, and themselves without any food laid in for the winter, and with no chance of getting any. There was no timber on the island, and they had collected no drift. What provisions they had must have run out before autumn had quite given place to winter, and they must have found themselves reduced to the awful situation of having to lay down and wait for death, without food, without fire, without light.

It is a horrible thought, that it was perhaps the one white man whose skull we found who initiated them into the deadly cult of spirits, which caused their extermination.

Subsequent enquiries were made by friends of William Westwood, and the captain of the trading schooner on which he sailed in the spring of 1892 proved that he landed him, along with a cargo of whiskey, on the Pennucks Islands, and that therefore no doubt William Westwood was responsible for the terrible and awful tragedy which caused so many dreadful deaths.

Wrong.

Wrong is forever wrong!
It may be glossed until we know it not,
And painted till it glistens as the dews of heaven;
Yet, still 'tis wrong, and the Omniscient Eye
Discovers it.
—Selected.

The Lost Bank Notes—A True Story.

(By Alice Armstrong.)

(Continued.)

Days and weeks of illness followed for the poor widow, when, but for the kindness of neighbors, people not much better off than herself, she would assuredly have followed her lost Willie to the mystic shores of the Great Beyond. At this time of trouble, little Jack, her eldest son, threw himself manfully into the breach. With a basket on his arm he went to the neighbors buying what they could spare of fruit or vegetables, which he peddled from house to house in the city, thus earning enough to keep the family from actual starvation, until the stricken mother, struggling back from the shadowy border land, took up the burden of life once more, for herself and her fatherless ones. The washtub and the needle, in her frail hands, kept the ravening wolf from her humble door, until the setting in of an unusually early and severe winter, when one by one her thinly-clad, and ill-nourished children, succumbed to colds and croup, adding to her already heavy burden. Still she struggled on, till the day before Christmas we find her standing, in her little kitchen, looking round with the expression of a hunted animal in her despairing eyes. The wild north wind shrieked round the frail little house, rattling doors and windows as it sought to force an entrance through every crevice. Little Mollie, the baby, coughed hoarsely from a lounge beside the almost fireless stove, behind it, on an old mat, lay Jack, her brave little Jack, tossing and moaning, almost in delirium; the other two, a little boy and girl, wrapped in a ragged quilt, crouched as close to the stove as they could get, telling each other what they would like Santa Claus to put in their stockings if they had any. At times the thought of that money in the bank, money stained with her Willie's blood, crossed her mind, always to be dismissed with a shudder. Now it came again, and as she looked round on the picture of misery presented by her sick and starving children, with a cry of bitter anguish and despair she sank upon her knees and acknowledged herself beaten, covering her face with her rough hands she prayed for forgiveness if she had done wrong in not using it sooner. She must do so now, or see her children die of cold and hunger. Having yielded, her mind was quickly made up. Getting a neighbor to stay with the children, she prepared for her long walk to the bank. The day was cold, the icy winds seeming to turn the very marrow in her bones to ice. She reached the bank just as a supercilious clerk was about to close the door. He stared at the poorly clad woman who sought to enter, remarking in a surly tone, 'We have nothing here for beggars.'

'I am not a beggar, sir,' answered poor Jennie, timidly. 'I want some money which has been placed here for me.'

I once heard a facetious gentleman remark that 'Bank clerks lived on airs for the first three years of their service;' if that is the case, this one must certainly have had more than his share, as he positively seemed to expand as he gazed with scorn on the poor trembling woman.

'You have money in the bank,' he sneered. 'You'll have to prove that my good woman, and I have no time to wait on you now, its time to close the bank.'

'Oh, sir, the money is indeed here, and I must get it, or my children will die,' wailed poor Jennie, on the verge of tears.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE FOLKS

An Envelope Town.

(By Mrs. I. M. Mullins, in the 'Sunday-school Times.'

Harrison lay on his little white bed. He looked wistfully out of the window. There were days when it was so hard to lie still and wait for that time when the doctor said he would be able to run about again. He had been real patient, mother said sometimes with shining eyes, and when he looked into them he wanted to try harder than ever. Then there was Gyp—dear, faithful little doggie—always by his side, who could hardly be persuaded to take necessary exercise. And everybody was good to him, but still there were hard days, and this was one of them.

Suddenly there was a rustle of skirts in the hall. Gyp flew to the door and barked in delight, while a gay voice called before she came in sight:

'Here I am, little soldier! And what will you give for an idea?' she added as she bustled in, in just the merry way that Auntie always came.

The little soldier smiled brightly and said, 'A kiss.' He knew what kind of legal tender Auntie liked.

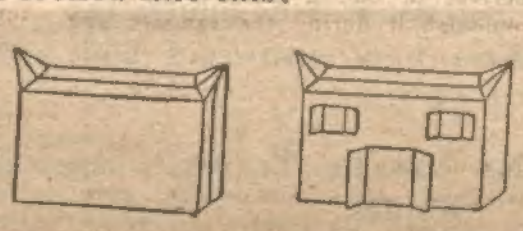
'It is yours,' she cried, 'if you pay in advance.'

And from the merry smacking that went on, I think she was well paid. But Gyp made up with delighted snuggles whatever might have been lacking. Then Auntie drew out from one coat pocket a package of white envelopes of various sizes and shapes, from another coat pocket came a package of blue envelopes, and from her muff she drew still another of yellow and brown envelopes of various shades, shapes, and sizes, while from inside her blouse there came yet another package of gray ones. Auntie always did things on the wholesale plan. You may be sure Harrison looked puzzled.

What did you bring me all these envelopes for, Auntie?' he said. 'I never can write this many letters.'

'Of course not,' said Auntie. 'They're not for letters, but to make houses.'

That was more astonishing still, but by this time Auntie had her wraps off, and was ready to show him. First she cut off the flap of an envelope, then she crushed in the back and folded it down to make the roof. Next she folded down the four corners to make the ends of the house, and lastly cut the windows and folded the shutters back, cut the door and left it standing open. Then it was done, and it looked like this:



Harrison was delighted, and said it was an idea worth having.

'I knew you would want to build a whole town, so I brought plenty of lumber,' laughed Auntie.

And sure enough, the idea grew amazingly, as ideas had a way of doing with Harrison. He devised a plan to make sloping roofs by taking a box-plait in each end of the house for chimneys, which gave a chance to push up the roof in the middle. Then he built churches with steeples, by cutting down the pointed tops of the ends; schoolhouses and stores, by pasting the pointed ends down or putting up signs; dwellings and barns of all colors and sizes, for which Auntie had provided by bringing envelopes of various sizes and colors. Then he found use for his library paste in gluing parts together, and putting people in doors and windows. Also for his box of paints, to make blinds green and vary the trimmings of the houses and clothes of his people.

He worked over it for days, and when he was done there was indeed a lovely envelope town spread over the bed.

When Auntie saw it she clapped her hands, and then hugged and hugged him, while Gyp barked and capered in joy and pride.—Louisville, Ky.

The Acted Lie.

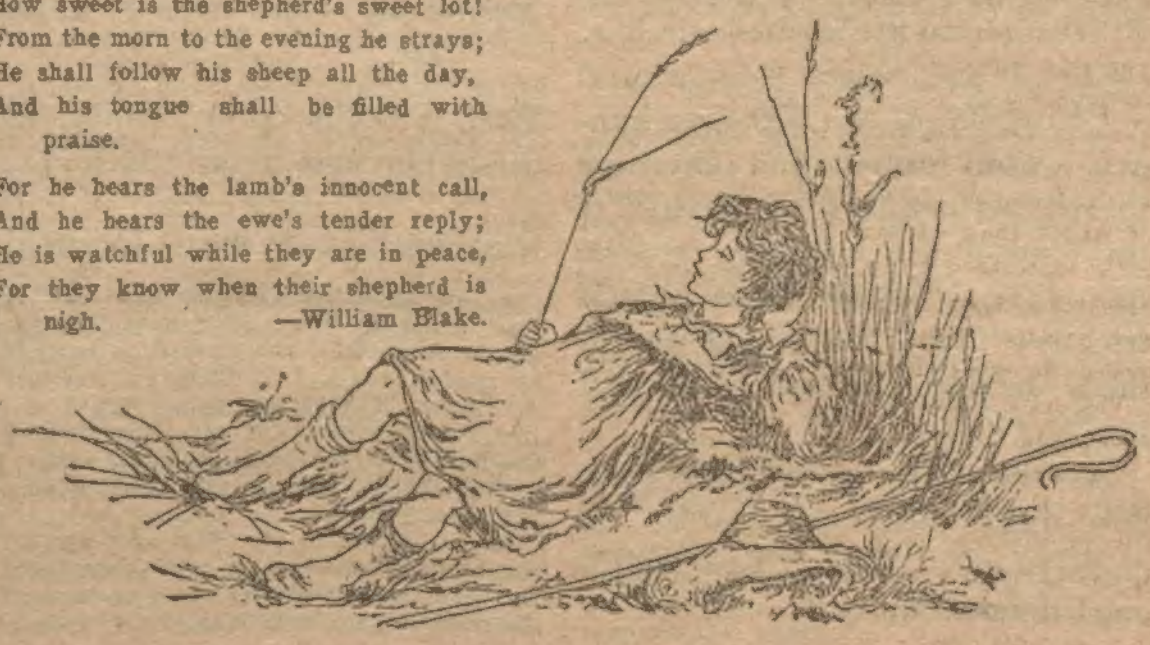
A little boy, for a trick, pointed with his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result, the man missed the doctor, and his little boy died, because the doctor came too late to take a fishbone from his throat. At the funeral the minister said that 'the boy was killed by a lie which another boy told with his finger.' It is presumed that the boy did not intend to do

The Shepherd.

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

—William Blake.



so much harm. Of course he did not mean to kill another little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun, but it was fun that cost somebody a great deal; and if he ever heard of the results of it, he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing. We ought never to trifle with the truth. It is just as wrong and as dangerous to tell a lie by pointing the finger in the wrong way, by nodding the head when we should shake it, by keeping silent when we should confess a fault, as to speak out with the lips an open untruth.—'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

The Onion Baby.

'Here, little man, I think you are ready now,' and off the little fellow trotted, with a shovel in one hand and drawing his sled with the other.

Out in the snow in front of the house he played a long time; but he became tired, and called to come in. His mother began to take off his clothing—there were so many little garments that kept him protected from the cold.

In the midst of the proceedings grandmother came into the room and said: 'Why, he is just like an onion, isn't he? You peel off one layer after another, don't you?'

The little boy played with his blocks for a short time, then as he looked up and rubbed his eyes, his mother carried him upstairs for his nap, saying, 'Well, here goes the onion baby to dreamland.'—'The Sunbeam.'

The Bird's Breakfast.

'O mother, come and see all the birds on our fence!' cried five-year-old Edna, as she turned her bright little face from the kitchen window. 'What do you s'pose they want?'

'Why, Edna, the birds are hungry. They cannot find anything to eat this morning on account of the snow, and are asking you to help them. Gather those crumbs from the bread board and scatter them outside, and see what will happen.'

As the door opened, the birds flew into the next yard. 'O mother!' cried Edna, 'I've frightened them all away.'

'Wait a minute, dearie; they will be back,' mother said comfortingly; and sure enough, by the time Edna's chubby nose had flattened itself against the pane, one little fellow, braver than the rest, was back on the fence. Seeing nothing but some tempting brown crumbs on the snow, he flew down, and in an instant was joined by his comrades.

What a merry time they had, and how they chirped their thanks to the bright eyes in the window when the last crumb had disappeared!

'Please let me feed them every day!' cried Edna.

'Yes, dear; after each meal, you may brush the table and so help mother and the birds at the same time.'—Selected.

Little Foxes.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named 'By-and-by.'

Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter 'Right Away.'

Around each tender vine I plant
I find the little fox 'I can't.'

Then fast as ever hunter ran
Chase him with bold and brave 'I Can.'

'No Use in Trying!' lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low and drive him high
With this good hunter named 'I'll Try.'

Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the young fox 'I Forgot.'

Then hunt him out and to his den
With 'I Will Not Forget Again.'

A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines named 'I don't Care.'

Then let 'I'm Sorry,' hunter true,
Chase him afar from vines and you.

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

A New William the Conqueror.

'I hate this old grammar!' The book was really quite new and respectable. The Latin language of which it treated was old enough to be called one of the 'dead languages' perhaps, but the very newest methods of study were in the book that the young student called 'old.' I wonder why young folks call things 'old' when they wish to be particularly spiteful? I never could imagine or find out.

The boy who hated the 'old grammar' had so little regard for the new book that he threw it down in a sort of rage because the lesson was so hard, and he did not feel like studying.

Presently a young brother came in with a ball that did not belong to him, but which he had taken quite innocently, feeling that he was surely welcome to it. The young student in the library pounced at once upon his property, snatching it rudely with unkind words from his little brother, who was angry in turn, and struck out with his fist in a savage manner. Father, in a hidden alcove, thought it time to interfere now, and said some grave words which made the older boy feel sorry and ashamed. He did not mean to allow his fiery temper to get the better of him, but he was so 'quick' he said. What he meant was 'quick' to be angry—to let go all control.

In the evening the study was history. The student liked that. He never spoke about 'that old history.' The topic for the coming lesson had to do with William the Conqueror. 'I tell you he was grand,' exclaimed the young student. 'I like him no end.'

'It is a pity not to have a successor of that name here and now,' said the father significantly. 'I know a William not far away who has about as much to conquer, according to his position, as the old king, if he only chooses to "rule his own spirit."'

'It would be harder for this William,' said the boy, coloring.

'Hard things are not impossible, if they are right. It is a pity to have all the conquerors belong to past history when we need them now.'

'Well, there ought to be one right here,' said William after a little silence, and he resolutely took up the Latin grammar. Presently he said to Fred, with a little effort, 'You may play with my ball tomorrow.'—'Boys and Girls.'

LESSON XIII.—DECEMBER 24, 1905.

The Character of the Messiah

(Christmas Lesson.)

Isaiah i., 7.

Golden Text.

Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.—Matt. i., 21.

Home Readings.

Monday, December 18.—Is. ix., 1-7.
Tuesday, December 19.—Is. xi., 1-10.
Wednesday, December 20.—Ps. xlv., 1-17.
Thursday, December 21.—Is. xlii., 1-13.
Friday, December 22.—Is. lii., 5-15.
Saturday, December 23.—Is. lxv., 17-25.
Sunday, December 24.—Jer. xxiii., 1-8.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

In the spirited style of Hebrew poetry, the prophet throws himself beyond, in point of time, the event which he is describing, and speaks of it as having already occurred. He takes the mantle of night to represent the moral state of the people. They were groping in a deathly shadow. Leaders were as blind as the led. All was rayless, cheerless, hopeless. Suddenly, to the anointed vision of Israel's noble seer, there bursts through the leaden pall such a light as is never seen on land or sea. He is ready to cry, 'It is the Star, the Star of Bethlehem!' The great darkness is matched by a great light. It floods not the plains alone, but penetrates the deepest moral chasms of earth. How must Isaiah's heart have glowed at such a goodly sight. He was in a rapture. Hallelujah was on his lips.

He sees a goodly company, an ever-increasing throng, who walk in this new light. Kingdoms of earth, islands of sea are steadily merged into it. It spreads from the river to the ends of the earth. And the joy of the throng keeps pace with its ever-augmenting proportions. It is joy like that when, after all the heat and toil, the harvest is shouted home; or like that after battle, when victors divide spoil.

And this deliverance from darkness—this lifting of the yoke of sin—is recognized by the prophet as supernatural and Divine. The earthly means of its accomplishment are as unequal as Gideon's lamps and pitchers against the grasshopper multitudes of Midianites and Amalekites.

The earthly, historic means of victory is always through the awful din and carnage of battle. But here is a weaponless victory in which the very instruments of human warfare, so far from being used, shall be burned up or beaten into the implements of husbandry.

And all this because the Babe is born in Bethlehem. Born to us—to humanity. The badge of universal spiritual sovereignty shall lie upon His shoulder. Kingdoms of earth, without of necessity losing their identity, shall become His kingdoms.

The Prophet-herald announces His regal titles. How dim the appellations of royalty grow in comparison to His lustrous names. Wonderful—the mystery of whose nature is the amazement of angels and men. Counsellor—the unerring, unfailing Guide in truth and duty; not of the few, but of the race. The mighty God—the very Person of the Omnipotent Deity. The Father of eternity, and the peaceful and peace-producing Prince.

The spiritual domain of this lovely and Divine sovereign, and its gracious concomitants of assurance to the individual and quietness of the multitude, shall unceasingly cover larger areas and included more people.

The pledge of this is the moral earnestness of the glorious Being, who stooped to the incarnation, the cross, the tomb. Jesus is in dead earnest to make His mediatorial work a triumphant success. And all the armies of the sky are obedient at His slightest beck.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

Isaiah's Proleptic Wisdom.
  Anticipates the advent.
  Moral darkness of current life
  Sudden irradiation of light.
  The Star of Bethlehem in prophet's eye.
The Kingdom of God: Composed of those who walk to the fight.
  Ever augmenting.
  Social renovation supernatural.
  Earthly means inadequate.
Prophet-herald Announces Regal Titles.
  Wonderful, Counsellor.
  Mighty God.
  Father of Eternity.
  Prince of Peace.
Badge of Universal Spiritual Sovereignty.
  Kingdoms of earth His, without losing their identity.
  Pledge of this; His moral earnestness.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Philosophy had proved an egregious failure. Wisdom could not know God. The sage could not save the people who lived on the same street with him, let alone the whole mass. Culture was at one end of the beam and morals at the other; as culture rose, morals sank. Roman law, Greek refinement, had proved equally impotent to save. It seemed as if the advent was delayed in order that the inefficiency of all human expedients might be thoroughly demonstrated.

A fine illustration this, of the nature, force, and integrity of prophecy. Isaiah graphically describes what the moral condition of the race shall be at a given epoch. He describes the sudden entrance of a new corrective force, unlike any which had ever been used before; a weaponless, but victorious, kingdom. He becomes more explicit. He defines the person of the King, enumerates His titles, describes the spread and perpetuity of His kingdom.

The soldier is a waning factor in current civilization. The assertion may seem paradoxical in view of the terrible war just waged. However, this very war has itself just furnished an incident of the possibility of avoiding war altogether by arbitration. Wars have become increasingly infrequent. The late war may be the last. Isaiah's blessed prophecy is on the eve of fulfilment, 'For every boot of those who tramp with boots in the tumult of battle and (every) cloak rolled in blood shall be for burning, a food of fire.' (Delitzsch.) All the accoutrements of war—its weapons offensive and defensive, its blood-spattered uniforms—all shall be incinerated. The horrid demon of human hate shall give up the ghost. There shall yet be universal righteousness, peace and joy.

The universal and millennial extension of the kingdom of God does not involve the overthrow of existing civil governments. Instead of supplanting them, it will infuse them with its principles. It does not even necessitate the perpetuation of any existing ecclesiastical organizations. In its final analysis the kingdom expresses itself in the moral qualities of human souls. It is the universal spread of goodness, and this may be achieved without organized religion.

The human means for the extension of the kingdom of God seem utterly inadequate. But the history of God's ancient people furnishes a helpful and inspiring analogy. 'It shall be as in the days of Midian.' The reference is to Gideon's breaking the seven years' dominion of the Midianites and utterly routing them. His band was paltry in numbers. His resources were grotesquely inadequate—trumpets, lamps, and pitchers. But his victory was signal.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, December 24.—Topic—The brotherhood of man. I. John ii., 7-11; iii., 12-15. (A Christmas missionary meeting.)

Christianity was the projection of a brand-new proposition in social life, individual and organized. It controverted all proverbial philosophy and challenged the natural instincts of man. Jesus first irradiated this truth in His command, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' Next to Jesus St. John is the most forceful advocate of brotherhood. He puts it negatively, 'He that hateth his brother is in darkness.' He puts it positively, 'He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and gives no occasion for stumbling.' More and more the arbitrary boundaries of race and political organization are overleaped, and that, too, in no mere sentiment, but in the practical helpfulness of Christian services.

Junior C. E. Topic.

GIFTS TO GOD.

Monday, December 18.—Offer thanksgiving. Ps. l., 14.

Tuesday, December 19.—Offer praise. Ps. l., 23.

Wednesday, December 20.—Offer it continually. Heb. xiii., 15.

Thursday, December 21.—Give to His children. Matt. xxv., 34-40.

Friday, December 22.—Give yourselves willingly. II. Chron. xvii., 16.

Saturday, December 23.—Give service. I. Chron. xxix., 5.

Sunday, December 24.—Topic—The wise men's gifts and ours. Matt. ii., 11; Prov. xxiii., 26.

The Sunday School Teacher's Opportunity.

(Daniel H. Martin, D.D., in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Sunday school statistics for the past few years reveal the melancholy fact that a very small portion of our Sunday school scholars have united with the Church. Some one who has taken the trouble to look this matter up submits that only about one-fifth of the youth of the Sunday schools of our Church confessed Christ during a certain period. We may assume that at least sixty per cent. of those who have passed out of the Sunday school will go to their death beds without a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. May we not trace this to the fact that large numbers of Sabbath school teachers have failed to present Jesus Christ to the children as a living and present Saviour? Instruction in Scriptural truth is important, but it is more important to lead these young souls directly to Jesus Christ. When we meet in the street some human wreck, whose face is tracked with the footprints of sin, we realize that he was once an innocent little boy, susceptible to the call of Christ to a holy life. When we see some lost creature in woman's shape, we are reminded that she was once an innocent little girl. If we would save our boys and girls from a wrecked manhood or womanhood we must exert every power to lead them to Christ early.

This, Sunday school teachers, is your opportunity. You, in a large measure, are the moulders of the destinies of the children under your care. Many of those tender plants have no spiritual training at home, everything, therefore depends on faithful work in the Sabbath school, and no other work excels this in importance.

What Paper to Order for Next Year.

The annual question of Sunday School papers is up again and the teachers and superintendents are considering all sides of it. We are always glad to hear from those in charge of the schools what they think the best features of our paper, or wherein they think we might make improvements. From the Boys and Girls the verdict is clear. It is stories they want, and still more stories. 'We hate pictures with no story to them,' the small boys announced, and a big girl and boy added their word in favor of real stories, and 'Please put in a Serial Story,' they added, it makes something to look forward to on Sunday after school.'

Now we have got a serial story we think will make every boy and girl unwilling to lose even one number, and it only remains for the Superintendents to order in time to get the New Year number, in which the first chapters will appear.

The Doctor's Lamentation.

In dressing gown tattered and torn, his thin
hair all lanky and grey,
A poor surgeon sat by his surgery fire, and
thus he was heard to say,
'Oh, would I had never been born, it would
much better have been for me,
For here I sit like a being forlorn, and no-
body brings me a fee.

'It is wait, wait, wait! From ten till half-
past four,
And not a carriage has stopped at my gate,
nor a patient has rapped at my door.
Oh, it was not always thus: it was drive!
drive! drive! as fast as my horse would
go;
It was drive! drive! drive! through hail and
rain and snow.

'It was pill and blister and draught, and
draught and blister and pill,
Till the sight of a phial made me sick, and
the smell of it made me ill.
I know what has caused the change, why
my rounds I so seldom go—
'Tis the Temperance cause, with its sapient
laws, that has left me nothing to do.

'Alas that the people should know, what some
doctors took care not to say,
That if they'd abstain from the poisonous
drink they'd have very few doctors to
pay.

—'National Advocate.'

Girls' Responsibilities to Girls

(The Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell, in the 'Daily News.')

The modern girl has many privileges and much greater freedom than was granted to our grandmothers, but she does not always realize that increased opportunities mean increased responsibilities, and that the liberty which gives to girls of wealth the safeguard of a better education often gives to her poorer sister only increased temptations. It is, unfortunately, a sad fact that drinking has very much increased of late years among Englishwomen, and more especially among young Englishwomen. But even the number of police court convictions of girl-drunkenness conveys but a poor idea of the extent of the evil, as none but the extreme cases are brought before the magistrates. In their homes and at their work these girls are surrounded by temptations to drink to which many of them succumb through ignorance and lack of moral courage. To few of their more fortunate sisters has been granted the vivid imagination that will enable them to realize how monotonous and wearisome is the daily toil of the working-girl, or how squalid the dwelling-place which she calls 'home.' Then often does she know more of the mother's drunkenness and neglect than of her love, and from her father's brutality she shrinks in fear and aversion. Inside the factory are many snares set to entrap her unwary feet. In the evening, her day's work over, she longs, like all young things, for a little pleasure and excitement, and can often find it nowhere but in the public-house, the new music-hall, or the dancing-saloon.

A great responsibility rests upon girls of education and leisure, whose own lives are sheltered and happy, to help, their less fortunate sisters. So often it is girls, and girls alone, who can help one another, forming a sisterhood of the happy and the unhappy, the the sheltered and the tempted, the educated and the ignorant.

I should like to be very practical, and offer a few useful suggestions as to the way in which girls can help in this great and necessary work. First of all, let us no longer be ignorant on the subject. Ignorance of the temptations of other girls is not innocence—it is an unjustifiable want of knowledge of facts and a shifting of responsibility. Let us face the facts of the temptations which beset these girls, and as we do this, and try to get a clearer comprehension of the terrible desolation wrought by drink in their lives, the desire to help them will come as a burning call which cannot be resisted.

And in trying to help them, we shall learn from them many a valuable lesson, lessons in unselfishness, and endurance, and generosity. It is impossible to realize, without seeing it, the courage of these girls, who perform the work of the world so simply and without complaint. When they have the good fortune to work in a model shop or factory, and are not themselves exposed to temptation, they are ever ready to help a friend in trouble without counting the cost to themselves, and will cheerfully bear burdens that to us would seem well-nigh crushing.

As a practical measure, I think we should encourage all the girls we know to belong, for mutual help and support, to a temperance society, which is affiliated to some larger organization. Let each individual girl who is tempted feel that she is supported in her efforts to resist temptation by her immediate friends, and by the circle in which she lives, and also that she is part of a larger association. When a small isolated society will droop listlessly, a Band affiliated to a National Society will bring with it a sense of power, of usefulness, and of sisterhood, which is invaluable in sustaining interest. Speaking from my own experience, I can testify that much successful work has been accomplished among working girls in London and elsewhere by the formation of 'White Ribbon Bands,' which are affiliated to the National B.W.T.A., and through this to the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, which has branches in every civilized country in the world. It is an inspiration and an education to these girls in their narrow, monotonous lives to be linked on to a world-wide sisterhood of service, and encourages them in their uphill fight with constant temptation.

The best methods and details to be adopted vary according to the circumstances of those who are seeking to help, but I want to impress upon every girl who reads this article the responsibility which is owed by her in this matter to those around her who are less favored than herself.

Two Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty Million Cigarettes.

The above enormous figures were taken from 'The Smokers' Magazine,' published in New York, and represent the total number of cigarettes on which taxes were paid in ten months time.

It is impossible for us to conceive of what such large figures mean, but far more impossible is it for us to follow upon the consumption of these more than two billion cigarettes.

Shorn of all descriptive adjectives it means; loss of money, health, intellect and moral sense to the men, women, boys and girls who use them.

There have lately come to my notice two incidents which speak only too plainly of the effect upon the moral life of boys.

A mother told me that her little son had learned to smoke cigarettes, having been taught by a boy about the same age. As both boys were under the legal age to buy for themselves, the mother asked how the cigarettes were procured. The answer was that an older brother bought them and gave to these little boys. When I spoke to one of these little fellows he stoutly denied smoking at all until made to understand that I actually knew the facts, then he admitted smoking 'just a little.' This emphasized to me a fact which I already knew, that cigarettes made boys lie.

The next incident hurt deeper. In speaking with a Sunday school teacher concerning cigarettes and her class of boys, the fact developed that one small boy who has acquired the cigarette habit, was, each Sunday, taking a little from his class collection. How my heart ached!

What can we do when in our very homes and Sabbath schools the foe enters? Were it not that the cause is so great, were it not for the bright eyes and rosy cheeks, were it not for the manhood to be of the dear boys that we must see saved, we might be justified in giving up the fight. But while their little faces are before us we cannot stop and while we have a greater and a stronger Power than ours upon which to depend, we need not lose heart.

But oh, may these stories (and there are others sadder) only serve to spur us on to greater activities.

Two billion cigarettes!

Even these, our untiring efforts, our unceasing prayers can overcome.

What a Fall.

A minister of the Gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents I have heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home, for the first time in his life, intoxicated, and his boy met him upon his doorstep, clapping his hands and exclaiming, 'Papa has come home!' He seized that boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered, and fell in the hall. The minister said to me, 'I spent the night in that house. I went out, bared my brow, that the night dew might fall upon it and cool it. I walked up and down the hall. There was his child dead! There was his wife in convulsions, and he asleep. A man of thirty years of age asleep, with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple, where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him around, and his wife on the brink of the grave! Mr. Gough,' said my friend, 'I cursed the drink. He had told me that I must stay until he awoke, and I did. When he awoke he passed his hand over his face and exclaimed, "What is the matter? Where is my boy?" "You cannot see him." "Stand out of my way! I will see my boy!" To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse, he uttered a wild chriek, "Ah, my child!" That minister said further to me, 'One year after he was brought from the lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended his funeral!' The minister of the Gospel who told me that fact is to-day a drunken hostler in a stable in the city of Boston. Now tell me what rum will not do. It will debase, degrade, imbrute, and damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious, and God-like in a human being. There is nothing drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, and hellish. Why are we not to fight till the day of our death?—J. B. Gough.

The Drug Habit.

The 'Presbyterian' says: The desire for stimulants and narcotics in various forms is deep-rooted, and the growth of the habit is insidious. The scientific researches of Dr. Richardson and others in England have resulted in a great decrease in the use of alcohol in medical practice in Great Britain, and it is stated that the bills for alcohol in the British hospitals are only one-fourth of what they used to be. Temperance reformers have waged war against the liquor traffic, but the evil shows itself in other forms. There is an enormous increase in the use of patent medicines, the chief constituent of which is alcohol. An eminent authority states that $200,000,000 are annually spent in quack and patent medicines in the United States alone. It is stated also that wide-awake manufacturers of patent medicines in order to cultivate the tastes of their customers are introducing liberal quantities of morphine, cocaine, and other narcotics into their preparations. It is not a matter for great surprise that the army of drug fiends is alarmingly on the increase. The drug habit is an insidious and a dangerous one.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Correspondence

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

The answer to the question: 'What two chapters in the Bible are alike' was sent by Ford H. Logan, S.J., N.B., Gertie E. Long, A. Edna Cohoon, H., Ont.

The answer is II. Kings xix., and Isaiah xxxvii.

Elsie Campbell, Y., Mus., came near enough when she said Psa. xviii., and II. Sam.el xxii., you will find one almost a repetition of the other.

The answer to the question 'What did Jacob see in his dream at Haran' was sent by M. McFarlane, T., Ont., Virna C., Abbie Trueman, J., N.B., Ethel May Wright (14), M., Ont.

The answer is a ladder from earth to Heaven and angels coming down and going up.

Verna and Gertie E. Long ask where the word girl is found in the Bible.

Ethel May Wright asks 'What Joseph's dream was. Edna Cohoon asks 'What is the middle chapter in the Old Testament?'

Elsie Campbell asks 'How far was it from Emmaus to Jerusalem?'

OUR PICTURES.

1. No name.
2. 'Christmas Holly.' Flora Forbes (11), V., B.C.
3. 'My Flower Basket.' Hazel I. Bates, I., Que.
4. 'Prince.' Agnes Acton, H., Sask.
5. 'Doggie.' Louis Diamond (8), C., P.E.I.
6. 'Tom's Rubber Boots.' Mary M. Snyder, S., N.B.
7. 'The Little Skater.' Myrtle M. Snyder, S., N. B.
8. 'A Day's Journey.' Floss M. Wilcox, H. Ont.

I., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a cripple, and can't get around very well, but my brother pulls me to school when I can't ride my carriage, which I make go with my hands, and have had for five years. I am in the third book at school. I am very fond of reading and drawing. I will tell you the names of some of the books I have read: 'Ivanhoe,' 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Swiss Family Robinson,' 'Without Fear and Without Reproach,' and so many others that I could not begin to tell you their names. I draw even more than I read. I am especially fond of drawing locomotives and ships, and I also do some painting. I will send you a picture of our school.

BERT J. EDMONDS.

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am 11 years old, and go to school, and I am in the third reader. There are sixteen in my class, and forty-two in the school. My teacher's name is Miss B. I go to Sunday school, and am a member of the Thornetoun Baptist Church. I was baptised this summer. My two brothers and one sister were also baptised. Our pastor is a fine preacher. We have prayer meeting every Thursday night. I like to read. I have read a number of books, such as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'The Bessie Books,' and also a number of others. My father is a shoe maker and a fisherman. He makes fine boots and coarse boots and shoes. He catches pickerel, shad and gaspereau. My birthday is January 7. I saw in the 'Messenger' where Elsie Campbell was asking to know what Jacob saw in his dream as he slept on the road to Haran. He saw a ladder to heaven, and angels going up and down on it.

DELLA HETHERINGTON.

S.Z., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seem many letters on holiday trips, I thought I would write and tell you about mine. My sister and I went on a trip to Wallaceburg, which is on the Sydenham river, about twenty-five miles from Chatham. We took excursions to many places such as Stag Island, Walpole Island, Dresden, and Detroit. We saw the Indians that live in those parts, and the baskets that they make were very interesting. They make them from the size of your thumb to the size of a market basket. We stayed in Wallaceburg for about six weeks, and on our way home we stopped at Newburg and Wardsville, our former homes. We reached home after a six weeks' holiday, refreshed for another year's work. I saw some puzzles in last week's paper, and I think I can answer them. The first one—Why is the king like a book? He is like a book because he has many pages. The second one—When is coffee like the earth? Coffee is like the earth when it is ground. The third—What is full of holes, yet holds water? A sponge is full of holes, yet holds water. Here is a puzzle: Why is the letter K like a pig's tail. I am going to have a birthday party on the 20th of this month, and I hope to have a good time.

MONA JOHNSON.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I seeing other letters, but none from here, I thought I would write. I get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday school, and like reading the stories. I just read some riddles in yesterday's paper. I never saw them before, but I am going to try and answer them. Vishnu G. Govaude challenges us.

1st.—When is the king like a book?
Ans.—When he has pages (page boys).

2nd.—When is coffee like the earth?
Ans.—When it is ground.

3rd.—What is full of holes, yet holds water?
Ans.—The earth.

I am not certain about the last one.

WILLIE S. STEWART.

P.G., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I have read a good many of the letters written to the 'Messenger' by the boys and girls, and thought I would write one too. We have been taking the paper for about twenty years in our home.

We live in the country, and have the post-office in our own house, are quite near the church and school house, and a new hall is being built on our own farm. This is a pretty place in summer. Our house is surrounded by trees, among which are lime, elm, English poplar, horse chestnuts, choke cherry, willow, maple, mountain ash and oak.

I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss B. She boards with us.

JEAN DUCK (11).

F. Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger.' I don't know what we would do without it. We used to get it at Sunday school when we lived near Arthur, but since we moved here subscribe for it. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, on the 29th of July. I will be eleven years old. I have five brothers and one little sister about three months old. I think some of the drawings are very nice, especially little Chatterbox's called 'The little Mother.' I am going to send you a drawing for the 'Messenger.'

CLARA BYERS.

WINTER.

Ho, Ho, the ground is white with snow.
The children will have fun you know,
Will is already on his sleigh,
For he thinks the snow is but for a day.
The boys will make a big snow-man,
They are working, too, as fast as they can,
For the snow is a precious article,
And they would not waste a particle.
They want to play fox, and they want to play goose,
And run around the ring just as fast as a moose.

Winter is a joyous season,
And I think that it hath reason,
For it brings to us old Santa Claus,
And that is mine, the children's cause.

—A. I. R.

G. V., Alta.

Dear Editor,—We have a farm of 320 acres, and my brother has one of 160 acres one mile from here. We moved from Ontario three years ago, and when we came here there were no neighbors close to us, but now we have quite a few near ones. We have a small school house a mile from here, and the teacher boards with us. I have one sister who goes to school and one who is too young yet. We had church and Sunday school all summer until a little while ago our minister went away. We have three cows and four horses. The books I have read are: 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Beautiful Joe,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Little Savage,' 'Black Rock,' 'Oliver Twist,' 'Was I Right,' and others that will take too long to mention.

LUCINDA M. B.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am now visiting my grandma in H., but my home is in B., Ont. I have lived in four different places, but like B. the best (where I have lived nearly ten years.)

I would like to guess some of the puzzles given by Vishnu G. Govaude, and I think the answer to the second one is, 'When it is ground.' I am 13 years old, and am in the Fourth Book. I like drawing and reading very much, and have read 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'Elsie Series,' 'Oliver Twist,' and many others that are too numerous to mention.

I have a very pretty tiger colored cat named Max, which weighs ten pounds (10 lbs.), and a pony named Johnny, which I am now learning to ride horse-back.

My grandpa is a Welshman, and came to Canada when he was 30 years old, and will be 79 in December, and has been in the mercantile business ever since.

FLOSS M. WILCOX.

IN THE NEW YEAR'S NUMBER NEW STORY BEGINS.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

LABRADOR COT FUND.

Mrs. Mary Lamb, Tilton .. .. .. $ .20

HOUSEHOLD.

Where the Burden Falls

If mother would listen to me, dear,
She would freshen that faded gown;
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,
And sometimes a trip to town.
And it shouldn't be all for the children,
The fun, and the cheer, and the play,
With the patient droop on the tired mouth,
And the 'Mother has had her day!'

True, mother has had her day, dears,
When you were her babies three,
And she stepped about the farm and the house
As busy as ever a bee.
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to school,
And wore herself out, and did without,
And lived by the Golden Rule.

And so your turn has come, dears;
Her hair is turning white,
And her eyes are gaining the far-away look,
That peer beyond the night.
One of these days, in the morning,
Mother will not be here;
She will fade away into silence,
The mother so true and dear.

Then, what will you do in the daylight,
And what in the gloaming din?
And father, tired and lonesome then,
Pray, what will you do for him?
If you want to keep your mother,
You must make her rest to-day;
Must give her a share in the frolic,
And draw her into the play.

And, if mother would listen to me, dears,
She'd buy a gown of silk,
With buttons of royal velvet,
And ruffles as white as milk;
And she'd let you do the trotting,
While she sat still in her chair;
That mother should have it hard all through
It strikes me isn't fair.

—'New Zealand Farmer.'

Can we Help Unlovely Children.

(Belle Sparr Luckett.)

We all know 'unlovely' children—unlovely in disposition and character. They are the 'possessed of evil' many times, and a source of heartache and perplexity to those who are responsible for their training.

I have known such children. One especially comes to my mind. Twenty years ago, a more unlovely, perverse, unsmiling child it would be hard to find. Strange as it may seem, these traits appeared strongest when she was with her mother. For her to be punished, as was absolutely necessary at times, was enough to give the whole family hysteria. To most people, seeing only the seeable side of the child without caring to look for what might else have been found, she was almost utterly without a 'sweet side' in her whole make-up. But what an injustice, and an injustice to helplessness!

There was a friend whom this child loved with all the intensity of a silent, deep, misunderstood little heart. To this friend alone she reavealed the possibilities of her nature. To be with her softened and sweetened all the 'hatefulness' that were so glaring to most eyes.

She had a little sister very near her own age, with whom she often quarrelled, it is true, but towards whom there was never visible a trace of jealousy or ill-will because of the love and admiration called forth by her exquisitely beautiful nature. I remember one day the two little girls were standing together when a caller was taking her leave. Like many other thoughtless people, the lady stooped down and fondly kissed the little sister, saying, 'You are the sweetest child I ever saw.' And then she went away, leaving one smiling little face, and on which there was a pathetic little shadow.

As the door closed, the elder sister, with rare self-renunciation, put her arms around her little sister, saying, 'She is sweet.'

'Little sister' is with God, but there still lives on the earth the unlovely elder sister,—no longer unlovely. She has ripened into a deep-hearted, quiet, beautiful woman, loving and beloved.

Another child comes to my mind, so unlovely in nature that the most generous almost despair of finding a place to begin to love him. In many, many, almost indescribable ways he is forbidding. People generally set him down as 'disagreeable,' 'bad,' a 'general nuisance,' according to their own temperament.

But who dares to desert such a child? 'Who helps a child helps humanity.' Who helps such a child does even more—he saves. Recognizing his own unloveliness, this boy receives with an astonishment that has many a touch of pathos in it any of the small kindnesses so lavishly bestowed on attractive childhood. The sweetnesses that seem to belong so naturally to other children are denied him, except on rare occasions, when some one pityingly or with a deeper and kindlier discernment bestows them. It can only be through long, loving-hearted, and unsleeping, unwearying patience that the best his nature is capable of will be revealed, and the unlovely child become at last the useful and respected man, with some keen sense, let us hope, of the deep need of pity, patience, and kindness to all childhood, but most of all to that which seems unlovely.

The Celebrated English Cocoa.

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

Details in Laundry Work.

A Number of Old Hints Ever New to the Amateur.

In no department of the household does economy of time and labor count for more than in laundry work; therefore here of all places there should be attention to proper outfitting. That is, all utensils concerned therewith should be strong and good, and if machinery is used it should be of the best quality, with few complications.

For the ironing flats are always best for ordinary use or for laces when gas irons are too clumsy. The latter are more expensive, and there is extra charge for fitting, but the number required is less. There is a charcoal iron, which is clean, and when once heated will remain in condition for at least two hours without renewal; but it is heavy and needs to be supplemented by the small flats.

Care of the irons is important. They should be kept in a dry place, so that they will not become rusty. If they are not going to be used for a long time they ought to be greased all over and wrapped in brown paper.

Where much ironing is to be done it is a good idea to have an ironing stove with a ledge to hold the iron bottoms upright to the heat. Such a stove once heated with wood may be kept up with coke, which is much cheaper. But unless much ironing is to be done a small gas stand is less expensive, and when gas or charcoal irons are used no stove is necessary.

A strong, steady surface is a necessity of the table, and the height is of such importance as only one who has ironed can realize. To have to bend the back in ironing is harmful to the ironer, but if the table is too high, then the ironing suffers, for it is impossible to use sufficient pressure. To have just the right height the table should be specially made, or else some ingenious woman must invent a table which can be regulated. The table must also stand in a good light, and for the covering there should be at least two thicknesses of blanket. The so-called 'charity' blankets are good for this, because they are hard. The ironing sheet should have tapes at each corner to tie it to the table, and seams or patches should be avoided.

Iron holders may be made of several folds of blanket, with a cotton cover, and if a piece of kid (the palm of an old glove) is laid between two of them, it will do much to protect the hand from the heat.

The ironing cloth and all the other fixings should always be put away at once after they have been used. The cloth should never be allowed to get wet, for fear of mildew; the boiler should be wiped dry. Even the clothesline should be cared for, and clothespins washed once in a while.

Among other details worth following it is well to keep a large supply of soap, for it improves with keeping, and does not waste so much as fresh soap. That, and the bluing as well, should be kept in some dry place, and in laying in stores, soda, borax and ammonia are needful with amateur laundresses, in whose hands the strong washing powders ought not to be trusted.

Selected Recipes.

Walnut Creams.—Take the white of one egg, an equal amount of water and three pounds of confectioners' sugar. Sift the sugar, mix it with the beaten egg and water and knead it on a board, working in the walnuts. Mould into balls the desired size.

Chocolate Caramels.—One cup of fine granulated sugar, one cup of New Orleans molasses, one-fourth cup of milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one cup of chocolate after it is cut up if made single quantity; if doubled, it is as well not to put the chocolate in till about done, and then the same quantity of this recipe will suffice, as it retains the flavor if not cooked as much. Boil till it will stiffen in water; pour into flat buttered pans to the thickness of half an inch.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

$12 WOMAN'S FALL SUITS $4.50
MADE TO ORDER. Suits to $18.00. Jackets, Raincoats, Waists and Skirts at manufacturers prices. Send for Fall Samples, Cloths and Fashions to No. 1
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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

DIAMOND JUBILEE CONGRATULATIONS.

Among the great number of Diamond Jubilee appreciations being received we have selected the following; partly because they are from most eminent men, but chiefly because they are from men who have long know nthe 'Witness' and its work intimately, an dare at the same time eminently capable of judging its worth.

The Archbishop of Montreal and Primate of All Canada writes:

BISHOP'S COURT, 26 UNION AVENUE. MONTREAL.

6 Nov 1905

My dear Mr. Dougall

I look back with pleasure & admiration, to the good & arduous work of your father, in connection with the Witness, from the beginning.

His fearless & able advocacy of the cause of Temperance, contributed largely to placing Canada amongst the most temperate of all lands.

And his watchfulness over the moral & religious tone of the Witness, seemed in a great measure, for the "Paper" a most beneficial influence, in the homes & hearts of our people.

I trust that the future of the Witness, may be blessed of God, for increased power for good & still larger usefulness in promoting the religious character of this magnificent Dominion

Yours truly
H. B. Montreal

Principal Shaw, of Wesleyan College, writes;

Wesleyan Theological College.
REV. W. J. SHAW, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.
ARTS UNIVERSITY BUILDING.

Montreal,

I join with tens of thousands in Canada & elsewhere in sending greetings to the Witness & Congratulations on the occasion of its Diamond Jubilee. The Witness & I have not always agreed, but as one of its readers for 38 years I have never failed to appreciate its honest independence, its Editorial ability, & its defence of all that is pure & right in public & social life. May it live to enjoy many more jubilees.

William J. Shaw.

Nov. 15 1905

Rev. John Scrimger, D.D., Principal of the Presbyterian College, writes;

The Presbyterian College

'Witness' Office, City. Montreal,
Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Nov. 13, 1905.

Dear Sirs:—Allow me to congratulate the 'Witness' on reaching its Diamond Jubilee. More or less regularly I have been a reader of the 'Witness' for some forty years or more, and have always respected its earnest independent tone on all kinds of subjects. Many changes have taken place in that time, but it has remained staunch to the principles which it then advocated. It has never sacrificed principles for the sake of popularity and has often had to suffer for its fidelity to its own ideas. But it is that fact which has given it the unique confidence of a large number of the best people in the country. Canada owes a debt of obligation to the 'Witness' which it will never be able to repay, however prosperous the paper might become, for the persistent way in which it has held up the highest and worthiest ideals of life and duty, even when the majority have been unwilling to listen. It would be a national misfortune if anything should occur to interrupt its noble mission. It would be a great national benefit if the people of Canada through a still more active support greatly enlarged the sphere of the 'Witness' influence.

Yours very truly,

John Scrimger

The Honorable Sir Melbourne Tait, Acting Chief Justice of the Superior Court, wiltes;

The Judge's Chambers,

Montreaal, November 29th, 1905.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,
Proprietors of the 'Witness,' City.

Dear Sirs,—I would like to join with your numerous friends in offering you congratulations upon the occasion of the jubilee of your paper.

I have been a constant reader of it since I commenced to read anything solid. Many hundred copies of it have I distributed to subscribers in an Eastern Township village Post Office, where my father was Post Master, and where it was a favorite, as indeed it always has been throughout the Townships.

My appreciation of its educational influence and general usefulness has increased from year to year, and this, among other reasons, because of its high moral tone; of the unvarying sound sense and literary finish of its leading articles, which have rendered them at once a fund of instruction and a source of pleasure to the reader; of the general accuracy of its information and avoidance of all that is sensational and vulgar.

That it may long continue in its good and useful work is my sincere wish.

I am, yours truly,

M. Tait

A FEW MOST EXCELLENT PREMIUMS

To Stimulate Activity in Greatly Extending Our Circulation.

After examining a large number of articles, we selected the following as being the most attractive and desirable Premiums that could possibly be offered. They are all such as will add to the attractiveness of the home; some by way of usefulness and beauty, others by way of joy and merriment. For instance, the game 'Din,' and our Stereoscope will be like 'bundles of joy' and 'loads of fun.' If any one member of a family got to work at once, these premiums might be easily earned one after another. How much more quickly if several members of the family started out. And the friends who subscribed for any of the 'Witness' publications, would have full value—and might be invited to enjoy the game and stereoscope, too. Other premiums will be announced next week.

New Subscribers.

When new subscribers are stipulated it means absolutely bona fide new subscribers. That is, people in whose homes the paper subscribed for has not been taken within the past two years, or whose name appears in our subscription list of two years ago. We only need to make this matter plain to have it faithfully carried out by our canvassers.

Renewals.

In all of the following offers two renewal subscriptions will be accepted instead of one new one, and one subscription to the 'Weekly Witness,' or 'World Wide,' will count as two for the 'Northern Messenger.' One reason is that renewals are not difficult to get, but the chief reason is that renewal subscriptions are our main support, and therefore we have to depend upon them.

Those working for the following premiums must, of course, send full rates for each subscription—and must mark NEW or RENEWAL opposite each.

"DIN."

Very Funny.

This is the very latest and the funniest game yet devised. It consists of eighty cards representing the animals and fowls found in a barnyard.

The unique feature of the game is the mirth created by the various players in their attempts to imitate the cries of the different animals. The result is a side-splitting din. Just the game for these long winter evenings.

Full directions for playing sent with each game.

Any subscriber can have this great game of DIN free of charge who send $1.60 for four subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' three of which must be new.

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BY MEANS OF

Laughable, Interesting and Beautiful Colored Views.

from all parts of the world. This trip will be enjoyed by young and old, and can be taken at small expense.

By an arrangement with the manufacturers, we are able to purchase this handsome Outfit at a price that permits us to make our readers a very liberal premium proposition. This Outfit consists of the following:

ONE STEREOSCOPE, with aluminum hood, and bound with dark, rich, red velvet. The frame is of fine finished cherry, with sliding bar holding the views, and with a potent folding handle.

COLORED VIEWS, made by a special process, a combination of lithographing and half-tone work, handsomely colored in natural effects. The objects in the pictures are shown in relief—not flat like an ordinary picture—and are so natural that you imagine you are right on the scene looking at them in reality. You will take as much pleasure in showing these views to others as you do in admiring them yourself.

HERE ARE THE TWO BEST PREMIUM PROPOSITIONS WE HAVE EVER MADE.

OUTFIT NO. 1.—Consists of one best Stereoscope and 21 colored views, and will be given to those sending us $1.60 for ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' six of which must be absolutely new subscribers. For every subscription short of required number add 25c each.

OUTFIT NO. 2.—Consists of fifty views, and our best Stereoscope will be given for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, eight of which must be new.

These Stereoscopes must not be supposed to be the cheapest kind usually peddled in the country. The cheap kind was offered us also, but we knew our subscribers would appreciate the best. The difference in price is chiefly due to the superior lense used.

We mail to any address in Canada or United States post paid.

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(By J. H. WILLARD

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